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In this issue *of* The Outlook

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From Publisher—To You

IT seems a shame to drag a well-meaning man from a perfectly happy environment, thrust him into a public office, where he shows to the worst possible advantage—and then expect him to emerge triumphant and untouched, or criticised but unhurt.

HENRY F. PRINGLE'S article on Curtis D. Wilbur, which heads this issue, will explain to many people Mr. Wilbur's background and make-up. It is not, so far as we can ascertain, unduly hard on the Secretary—and it is not printed in any spirit of partisanship. We must ask Mr. Wilbur to remember that the Secretary of the Navy is a public official. His acts and decisions affect the public welfare. The public has a right to know exactly what sort of men rule official Washington—and particularly, just now, the Navy Department.

EVERY one knows Charlotte Perkins Gilman, whose essay on marriage follows after Mr. Pringle's article. She has been identified for many years with questions of ethics and economics, being particularly interested in the advance of women. She is the author of many books that deal directly or indirectly with the subject. Her paper is the second in the discussion of Judge Ben Lindsey's proposals concerning divorce and birth control, and speaks for itself.

THE third paper in the series, written by a well-known poet, will appear very shortly, and be followed by others—among them, one by a member of the generation for whom Judge Lindsey would legislate.

LEST you should be away when your next issue of The Outlook arrives, we wish to say here that it will contain an authoritative account of Tammany Hall and Al Smith's connection with it—written by Walter Lippmann—which you will not want to miss.

A succeeding issue will deal with the American Catholic Church as it appears today to one of its most intelligent members.

Since Governor Smith's letter to the Jackson Day diners, it begins to look as if we ought to know all there is to know about these subjects!

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery

"LADY JEAN"

By George Bellows

George Bellows was a thoroughly virile American. His work, crowded into a short life, was a genuine contribution to American art. This portrait is of the artist's daughter

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The Outlook

Volume 148 January 25, 1928 Number 4

Wilbur—Benevolent Blunderer

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

FOR some reason, which no one seems to understand, the President of the United States usually has difficulty in obtaining a Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Coolidge, who hates picking Cabinet officers almost as much as wearing cowboy costumes, was forced in March of 1924 to find a successor to Mr. Edwin Denby, whose ill health made necessary his resignation from the disintegrating Harding Cabinet. One afternoon, at a session with the newspaper correspondents, the President admitted that he had been unsuccessful.

"You know a lot of big men," he said. "Give me some names."

The correspondents, somewhat flattered, indiscreetly printed stories to the effect that the President had asked them to aid in this important task. Immediately, throughout the country, newspaper owners and publishers began telegraphing their Washington men to "put over" a prominent citizen from the home town. Among those who did this was Harry Chandler, of the Los Angeles "Times." Why not, he demanded, Curtis D. Wilbur, of California? Here was a tried and true Republican from a State whose support was always welcome in Presidential years. He was Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, long active in public work, a former leader of the Boy Scouts, the teacher of a huge Bible class, and, although this was not included among the arguments for his appointment, the author of two volumes of bedtime stories—one called "The Bear Family at Home" and the other, a later work, "Johnny and His Green Vest." He had lived, a fact pregnant with meaning to those who know their California, in both Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was, moreover, a graduate of the Naval Academy. None of the other correspondents had a candidate with such overwhelming qualifications, and Coolidge wired Wilbur to come East.

"Who in Sam Hill," every one at Washington asked, "is Curtis D. Wilbur?"

He was by no means unknown among the oldsters of the Navy, however; and an occasional gold-braided admiral with a swivel-chair job in the Navy Department Building on B Street must have slapped his knee and uttered a seagoing oath of pleasure. For here, he felt certain, was a man with the "Navy point of view," who would refrain from landlubberly questions about technical problems. He might, it was conceivable, even be counted upon to block periodic impertinences in the form of civilian inquiries and to appeal to the President to stop Congressional investigations which might endanger the naval motto, "All's well."

Curtis Dwight Wilbur had been graduated from Annapolis with the class of 1888. He had been hitch-kick champion during his midshipman days, touching with his toe a tambourine at the unprecedented height of nine feet one inch. A tablet in the Academy gymnasium still marks the spot where this historic event took place. He had not, it is true, accepted a commission after graduation, but had headed for the West to become a lawyer. His experience at sea had been limited to student cruises. He had, though, kept up his Navy contacts and often visited the fleet when it was in Pacific waters. His arrival at Washington, it was happily predicted, would be virtually a class reunion; for Admirals Charles F. Hughes, S. S. Robison, Robert E. Coontz, and Edward W. Eberle had been at Annapolis during the same years. All were members of the High Command.

So Mr. Wilbur came to Washington.

FEW men in public life, even among those who have been members of a Presidential Cabinet, have been so unfortunate in their formal and informal statements. A well-meaning gentleman of unquestioned integrity, Mr. Wilbur no sooner opens his mouth than something occurs to demonstrate that he is speaking without adequate knowledge, too hastily, upon misinformation, or contrary to the policies of his chief, Calvin Coolidge. He seems constantly to be in hot water, sometimes through no fault of his own, and is repeatedly being lambasted by the editorial writers. Their criticisms hurt rather than anger him, however, and he keeps on talking.

Meanwhile the United States Navy begins to approach in efficiency that of the navy of the Republic of Switzerland. Coolidge economy, which Mr. Wilbur has never strenuously opposed, has reduced the personnel until "it is seriously affecting the efficiency of the operations of the United States Fleet." Several cruisers now in service "are beyond their allotted span of years." The "necessity of reducing the expenditure of small-arms ammunition . . . operated unfavorably against the Scouting and Battle Fleets." About "60 per cent of the destroyers have required repairs, either emergency or routine," during the year. There is a "deficiency of torpedoes." The "battleships have been maintained in about the same material condition" as at the beginning of 1926. Such are Mr. Wilbur's conclusions in his current report. Hardly a submarine in the fleet, one might add, is adequate in design or speed for war service.

And now Congress is being asked to spend $725,000,000 in five years for new ships and as much as $75,000,000 more for repairs. A Nation aroused over the sinking of the S–4 is reminded that there have been eighteen major naval accidents (not counting the loss of the Shenandoah, which was a Navy dirigible) since September of 1923—accidents that have cost 86 lives, total destruction of 12 ships, and $20,000,000 to $30,000,000. Thirteen of the eighteen accidents, including all of those mostly costly in human life, occurred during the Wilbur régime. Only five vessels were lost dur-

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ing the World War, and the Navy is learning that peace with Coolidge and Wilbur in command is hell.

GOVERNMENT circles in Washington, whose credo is that any Secretary of the Navy is certain to be amusing, are constantly circulating the latest story regarding Mr. Wilbur—and the anecdotes usually concern his most recent speech, press release, or other uttered remark. The most famous of all, one which has lost none of its popularity through age, refers to an ill-fated trip to the Pacific coast in the fall of 1924. Mr. Wilbur, having been in office for but six months, was unaware of the extent to which Mr. Coolidge's love for economy recoiled from naval appropriations. He was standing for "a 100 per cent Navy, equal to that of any other Power," was highly elated over his appointment, and was ready to give his views on almost anything.

THERE was therefore some cause for apprehension when he arrived in San Francisco to make several speeches. His first public address contained criticisms of certain features of the Volstead Act, at the moment as "sacred" to the Coolidge Administration as it now is to Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York. Within a day or two Mr. Wilbur protested that he had been misquoted. Then he appeared before the Chamber of Commerce and pointed out that the fleet had been shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific to take care of future wars. He said, in part:

> America should be prepared to resist aggression and interference with her internal affairs by any foreign Power opposed to the methods and purposes of our civilization. There are times when the language of diplomacy must be spoken by tongues of steel. There are times when the only arguments to which men will listen are the arguments pronounced from the mouths of guns. . . . There is nothing so cooling to a hot temper as a piece of cold steel.

This was somewhat crude, and several newspapers in Tokyo took editorial cognizance of what the American Cabinet officer had said. President Coolidge, seated at his desk in Washington, read the press clippings placed before him. It was not, however, until he saw an advance copy of a speech scheduled for Denver, Colorado, that he became aroused. Mr. Wilbur had planned to express approval of the League of Nations and admiration for the work of President Wilson. And this with a Presidential campaign under way!

"Tell him to come home," Mr. Coolidge is supposed to have growled. "Tell him to take an airplane."

The President, according to sophisticated Washington gossip, did not mean the airplane part literally. It was said in sardonic jest. But a member of the executive staff telegraphed Mr. Wilbur that his presence in Washington was imperative, and that the President had ordered him thither at once. Whereupon the Secretary of the Navy telephoned frantically all over California for a plane, hopped into it, soared after the Overland Limited, which had already left, and arrived, hot and panting, in Washington. He explained to newspapermen that he was needed on "urgent naval matters."

He was, however, kept waiting for several days before being received at the White House, and good taste demands that a veil be drawn over what took place. Mr. Wilbur remained in Washington, at all events, until Mr. Coolidge had been safely re-elected, and from that day his speches have been in harmony with the philosophies of the President.

IN other respects, though, he has repeatedly been in trouble. When "What Price Glory?" opened in New York, he remarked that its language was no longer typical of "a navy made clean" and was gently kidded for his naïveté. When the Shenandoah was wrecked over Ohio, having been ordered to fly into thunder-storms to boost State fairs and the Republican Party, he flatly contradicted the widow of its commander, who said that her husband had protested against the flight. He had never seen, it turned out, letters in the files of the Navy Department supporting Mrs. Lansdowne's contention. When a naval arsenal in New Jersey was struck by lightning, causing a score of deaths and $80,000,000 in destruction, Mr. Wilbur insisted that "all known precautions had been taken." He learned, too late, that the commandant of the arsenal had complained regarding lack of adequate safeguards. Similarly, when two aviators flying to Honolulu believed that they could not go on, the Secretary of the Navy rebuked them for having annoyed the naval vessels in the vicinity, and demanded to know why they had not sent another radio canceling the call for assistance. He was then informed, having managed to appear quite silly, that the plane's wireless had gone dead immediately after the S. O. S.

Some of Mr. Wilbur's misstatements are due to his complete faith in the bureaucrats of the Navy Department. Others are inspired by an optimism which is an outstanding characteristic of the man and which causes him to enlarge hopes into actualities. This is, inevitably, dangerous for any executive, and occasionally leaves Mr. Wilbur far out, as the saying is, on a limb. It was he insisted early in 1924, "prepo[redacted] that the Navy had fallen behi[redacted] Britain and Japan in strength, efficiency. A few months later that $110,000,000 must be appropriated annually for twenty years if the 5–5–3 ratio established at the Limitation of Armament Conference was to be maintained. His 1925 report to the President was, on the whole, sunnily cheerful, despite the loss of the S–51 and the Shenandoah, and in 1926 his chief complaint was regarding a reduced personnel. I have attempted, already, to point out that in his 1927 summation he shows fairly clearly that the United States Navy is on the rocks because of Coolidge economy. Yet he manages to say:

"During the year there have been no major casualties. The morale of the Navy has been maintained at a high plane."

This was published in the newspapers of December 11. A week later the S–4 lay at the bottom of the sea off Provincetown, Massachusetts, with forty men on board. Seldom has the Nation waited in such agony as when the divers learned, after twenty-four hours had passed, that at least six were alive. Seldom has public opinion been so unanimous that officialdom fussed and fiddled and bungled while the men in that cold, steel coffin hammered out piteous appeals to hurry. In the end they died, these men who had been buried alive, and the investigations to determine the responsibility are still under way. Partly it was because the gods of the weather brought mountainous seas. But partly, too, it was because the Navy's salvage equipment was inadequate. It is not the first time that men have thus perished; only two years ago the S–51 went down and thirty-six lives were lost. If the Navy learned anything from the earlier disaster, it has not, as this is being written, been able to show it.

Yet Mr. Wilbur and the High Command at Washington—the staff admirals, the experts, and the rest—seem to be as incurably cheerful as ever. They

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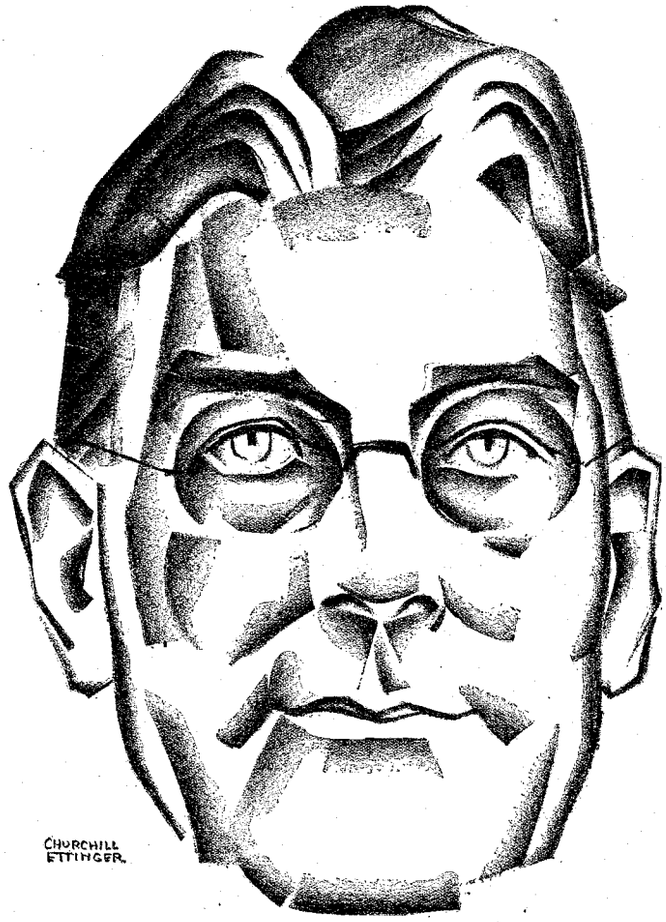

Curtis D. Wilbur

glibly counter suggestions that additional safety appliances might have been installed. They intimate that it was the dead men of the S–4, who no longer can speak, who were at fault and that the naval inquiries will so determine. Suggestions that the Navy should have proper salvage vessels, that submarines should not operate in shipping lanes, that tenders supposed to accompany them should really do so—these suggestions made by shocked civilians will "go through proper channels." The submarine, after all, is built to fight and not to be rescued, and the men who go under the sea in ships must die from time to time. And certainly we of the High Command, grown old and gray and possibly wise, have the situation well in hand and everything is for the best. But I grow bitter—

Not infrequently, when raised to the eminence of Cabinet rank, men achieve inflated notions of their importance. But Mr. Wilbur soon demonstrated that he would remain just folks. No other high Government official was so easy to approach, and during his first conferences with the correspondents he was obviously anxious to please. The newspaper men, calling for their introductory visit, saw a tall, broad, elderly man standing behind his desk looking at them from behind his spectacles. He seemed a little self-conscious as they filed in, a trifle over-eager. One of Wilbur's talents is, however, a facility in remembering names and faces, and as the months passed he came to know most of the writers. Gradually, too, he adopted an air not unlike that of the superintendent of a Sunday school. He joked with them, and seemed to be on the point of expressing pleasure that "so many bright faces" were gathered before him. One afternoon he was holding forth on technical details of the Navy's judicial system, one of his hobbies. The correspondents were frankly bored and one or two were getting sleepy.

"Do you understand what I am explaining?" he suddenly asked one reporter, whose eyes had a far-away expression.

"No, Mr. Secretary, I'm frank to say I don't," was the answer.

"Ah," murmured Wilbur, shaking his head in sorrow, "I thought not."

Traces of his Bible-class days are present, too, when some new correspondent attends a press conference. Wilbur then goes out of his way to welcome the stranger, to make him feel at home. He has been known to approach with outstretched hand, his eyes beaming cordiality.

"My name's Wilbur," he explains. "I don't believe I have met you before."

Official Washington, hearing of this, snickered. It burst into guffaws when it learned that Wilbur had been a writer of bedtime stories and that in "The Bear Family at Home" were descriptions of how "The Little-Bear-Cub-that-Would-Not-Mind-His-Papa" got into difficulties almost as great as the Little-Secretary - of - the - Navy - Who - Would-Not-Mind-Mr. Coolidge. At one or two small dinner parties, to which the Secretary of the Navy had not been invited, enterprising hostesses read selections from his literary works, a favorite passage being Mr. Wilbur's graphic recital of a circus train wreck in which "The Little Bear Cub Got Back into the Woods Again:"

> One night, after the wagons and the animals had all been put on board the cars, the fireman rang the bell, and the engineer started the train, and away it went, whistling and coughing down the track. The animals were so used to the train going rattle-te-bang, rattle-te-bang, all night long, that they all went to sleep.
>
> While the animals and every one on the train, except the engineer and the fireman, were asleep, the engineer looked ahead and suddenly saw a big rock on the track. He blew the whistle, "Toot-toot," to call the brakemen, and the brakemen ran as fast as they could and began to put on the brakes to stop the train, but the train came nearer and nearer to the big rock.
>
> The poor engineer couldn't stop the train, and the brakemen couldn't stop the train, so the engine ran into the rock and was knocked off the track, and turned a somersault and was smashed all to pieces, and all the cars ran off the track into a ditch, so that the animals got out of their cages and found they were free.

After he became Secretary of the Navy Mr. Wilbur indiscreetly permitted syndication of his stories to the newspapers. Rumors got about that he was still composing them. The truth was that all the stories had been written prior to his arrival in Washington. They are, probably, about as good as any others of their type, and it was, I think, quite in line with Mr. Wilbur's nature

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that he should have written them; he is devoted to children and for decades has spun fairy tales to please them. He was born in Boonesboro, a small Iowa village, in 1867, attended the public schools there until his family moved to North Dakota when he was fifteen, and went to the Naval Academy quite by accident two years later.

"My father," he recalls, "was a lawyer who specialized in real estate. I remember that he owned a small coal mine and that my earliest ambition was to drive one of the mules. But when I was about to graduate from high school at Jamestown, North Dakota, three candidates were suggested for Annapolis. The other two couldn't go, so I accepted."

Despite his size and his hitch-kicking talents—he was a strapping youth and today weighs about 230 pounds—the youthful Wilbur was primarily a student, a contemplative young man who graduated from Annapolis third in his class. Few commissions were awarded in those days, and this must have pleased him, for he had decided to study law. Upon graduating in 1888, he hurried to Los Angeles, where his parents, like so many other Iowans, had migrated. He taught school for a year, working with his law books at night, and in 1890 was admitted to the bar.

Wilbur became in a short time one of the legal lights of California, and rose from district attorney of Los Angeles County to Judge of the Superior Court. Then he was elevated to the Supreme Court, and eventually became its Presiding Justice. Meanwhile, always interested in children, his avocation became their moral and physical betterment. He revised the children's code, sat as a judge of the Children's Court, organized the Boys' Brigade, a semi-military organization, lectured at the Y. M. C. A., and became the first chief of the Los Angeles Boy Scouts. He lived in San Francisco while head of the Supreme Court, and there taught a Bible class still known as "Judge Wilbur's Public Welfare Class." The first of his bedtime stories were written almost twenty years ago, when his daughter and three sons were youngsters.

Only partially did Mr. Wilbur fulfill the high hopes of the American admiralty when it learned that one of its own was coming to rule. The private office of the Secretary of the Navy took on, it is true, a more nautical appearance. Visitors are sometimes shown a photograph of the Constellation, an old-time training ship, and their attention is directed to a tiny speck far up in the rigging.

"That's the Secretary of the Navy," Mr. Wilbur says with pride. "I made my cruise on that ship while I was at the Academy. I visited it a year or so ago, and would have liked to climb up there again. But I was afraid people might think I was trying to show off."

All of this is pleasant. Members of the class of 1888 are gratified to see on the wall the warrant on which Mr. Wilbur went to Annapolis occupying a position of honor next to the formal document whereby Mr. Coolidge made him Secretary of the Navy. One can drop in to talk over the old days. It has developed, too, that few complaints regarding red tape are likely to come from the Secretary; that he is inclined to bend a sympathetic ear toward official excuses and alibis. On only one occasion has he been really angry, and that was when a naval captain was accused of discourtesy to some Washington correspondents invited to take a flight in a Navy dirigible. His wrath was then terrible. The unfortunate officer faced arrest, a court martial, the loss of all possibility of promotion, and even dismissal from the service. It was only when the reporters themselves intervened and asked for mercy that Mr. Wilbur relented. Ordinarily, of course, he is on the best of terms with his officers.

The Navy bureaucrats learned to their sorrow, though, that Mr. Wilbur's early belief in the virtue of a large navy was not to endure. It turned out that his policies were to be shaped, without exception, by the Vermonter in the White House. Not even grave needs of the service, equipment that was falling to pieces, a dwindling personnel, obsolete vessels, could force him to oppose the will of his chief. The new Secretary proved, too, to be almost a Daniels with respect to drinking and frowned upon the serving of cocktails at parties. He has insisted upon courts martial for officers and men, even for two elderly naval nurses, found with so much as a quart of liquor in their possession. He has approved dismissal of one or two Annapolis youths guilty of intoxication, a painful duty, since he is deeply attached to the young men of the Academy and lectures before their Christian Association twice a year.

Men in public life are usually judged by what they say, and not by what they do. Chiefly in this, I think, lies the ignominy of Mr. Wilbur. He is not, perhaps, any worse than some of those who held the post before him. His mistakes are of the head, and not of the heart. There is none in Washington to assail his honesty, and, although a partisan Democratic Congressman may brand him a "fuddy-duddy," the attitude of the Republicans is that of the Western saloon-keeper who posted this sign:

"Don't shoot the pianist. He is doing the best he can."

In the things he has said, it is my point, Mr. Wilbur has been in a class by himself. It is not only that he is a bad politician—this might be a virtue in a man of force willing to fight for his convictions. It is that he is so naïvely simple. He says one thing which offends Mr. Coolidge and many which offend common sense. When the searchlight of public indication swings toward the Navy Department to pierce the fog of officialdom, he remarks, as did the rescue forces to the dying men of the S–4, that "everything possible is being done." And so frequently Mr. Wilbur is merely ridiculous, as, for instance, when the new Navy dirigible was being christened. A resident of Los Angeles in former years, and closely identified with that city, he explained the real significance of the name:

> When the Prince of Peace was born in Bethlehem the angels sang to men, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." In remembrance of this angel song I will name the ship Los Angeles.

Within a few weeks Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs in San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle had filed protests.

Mr. Wilbur is not an old man. He has just turned sixty. But the impression is inescapable to any one who has talked with him and with those who know him well that his view-point is that of the Elder Statesmen. He is, I repeat, gentle and amiable. He is proud that 1,000,000 lithographs of Old Ironsides have been sold and that the ship will be saved. He loves the men who were with him at Annapolis and who now, in some cases, are his advisers. He believes with a deep conviction that the Navy grows better year by year, in the enlisted personnel's morality if not in fighting efficiency. In his 1927 report, the one in which he is forced to admit the ravages of economy, he says that when the fleet was in New York the

(*Continued on page 153*)

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An Ancient Camphor Tree

And Other Stories

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

I DON'T remember just what it was now, but my old nurse had a terrible pain somewhere, everywhere, in her back and shoulders. At this distance of over forty years, all that I have to do is to shut my eyes to see her as vividly as a thing of yesterday, all curled up into a ball of throbbing pain.

So she was going to her great and ancient tree—the fountain of healing grace that had never failed her.

She simply called it—*Myo Jin sama*—August Illuminating God. Literally everybody in the old castle town of Kameoka knew that old, huge camphor tree. It had stood there "polishing the blue heavens" for more than a century. And when in a storm, it spoke with voices and gestures which were not of the earth. I knew it particularly well. It stood not far from the edge of the castle moat, in those days, near our Lord Matsudaira's rice warehouses. And I had to pass under its great spreading arms every time I went on a bandit raid on the chestnut grove of the castle ground in many a golden day of autumn.

It was a great and stately temple worthy of a great deity, that ancient camphor tree.

I WENT with her. She seemed to enjoy the companionship of a mere boy—an utter stranger to age and its ailment—in her hour of torture. It was decidedly the most painful journey I had ever seen a mortal make up to that time. It must have been, to have made such a lasting impression on a boy's careless mind. I helped and supported her almost every step she took. And after a sigh and groan, she told me I was helping her a lot. The whole thing was so painful that her progress made me think of a doomed soul climbing the Hill of Needles in the Buddhistic Hades.

But in the end we made the stately camphor tree. And this is all that my old nurse did—absolutely all:

She dragged herself close to the tree, knelt down right on the ground, clapped her hands as in front of a shrine, and murmured her prayers. I don't believe she was down more than ten minutes.

Then slowly, painfully, she rose to her feet. She approached the giant tree still closer and with her lips constantly moving with unvoiced prayers she stretched out her hand and rubbed the sacred tree first and then rubbed her shoulders and such portions of her back as tortured her so.

I watched her with such absorbed attention and critical care as is never suspected in a boy of not quite twelve. For I had heard a lot about the miracle cures of my nurse—I had heard mother and grandmother talking about them often, and with never-failing wonder.

I was a boy, for all that. A gorgeous dragon-fly winged past close to me in all its glory on its way to the moat. For an instant I forgot all about my old nurse and her miraculous cure. My wide eyes followed the winged rainbow.

When they returned a moment later to the old nurse, they stared right at the miracle.

For just at that precise moment my old nurse was straightening herself up. Her eyes were closed, her lips still moved in silent prayer, but she kept on straightening herself. Then she sighed in a sort of blissful content, and with that her whole body seemed to relax. A faint smile stole over her tremulous lips. I had never seen such a startling contrast; all her terrible torture suddenly seemed to have vanished like a lie.

Then, rather suddenly, I saw her throw herself flat upon the ground. She prayed out aloud this time—her simple heart fairly burst out in a torrent of thanksgiving prayers. After that she rose without fuss, without the remotest sign of excitement.

"Shall we go home now, young master?" she said.

JUST imagine the vocal explosion that would have followed such an experience as the above if even the most phlegmatic American lady were in my old nurse's shoes. My old nurse experienced exactly what she expected to experience. Why should she be excited? She knew it for a miracle, of course; but a miracle that never failed her. Neither was I beyond speech with amazement. I had been there before; seen her go through this miraculous cure time and again. But I did not say anything for some little time as we made our homeward way. I was turning something in my little unripe head busily. Finally:

"Your august Illuminating God does not cure me," said I to her. "Remember the time I had that awful toothache, and you took me to the tree. But the old toothache went right on just the same. Why, nurse?"

"Too hard a knot for poor me," said she, simply and humbly. "I am just a poor, helpless old woman and you are a son of the Samurai. That's why, perhaps. Perhaps the august Illuminating God knows nobody would help me if he didn't."

The possessor of the single-track faith mighty enough to move a mountain was as modest as the classic old homeless dog of Confucius.

Is divinity enshrined within the human body? Is the human soul really divine with divine powers. Is it an individualization of the one central entity of the universe—a reflection of God—hobbled and gagged by the flesh and the finite world?

THE night before the May Day of 1904 General Kuroki's army was at the Yalu River. There it faced 20,000 Russians under General Sussulitch across the stream. Kuroki's "Determined-to-Die" Battalion was to cross the river with the break of that fateful May Day. It was something of an occasion. The men of the East were about to meet the men of Europe for the first time in the history of modern warfare. There was a question to be decided—the question in which the whole world took a deal of interest: Can the men of Asia stand against the men of the Occident in a modern war and hold their own? Can an Oriental Power beat a European Power of first magnitude at its own game?

A few hours before the dawn a commanding officer spoke to the men of the "Determined-to-Die" Battalion, and this is one of the things he said:

"Men, have you ever seen a mother with her own baby under the wheel of a heavily laden cart? Have you seen her grab the wheel with one hand and jerk it up as if tons of weight were but a couple of feathers and pull out her baby from under it? Hid within every one of us is a power that is not of the earth. And it is to that power within you, men, that your homeland appeals on the break of day to-morrow, when

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you cross the river in the face of the enemy's fire."

THE old castle town of Kameyama was proud of its historic traditions. It was vain about them—unconscionably and unblushingly vain. Whenever the clansmen spoke of them, they choked with emotion—they seemed to touch them with a flame of fanaticism almost.

And almost every one of these sacred traditions was based on courage.

Our august ancestors were prepared to go (and they did go too) to almost any length to foster and build up the heroic fiber in the souls of their younger generation. They were wont to overemphasize it, and to such an extent that the one unforgivable sin among the children of Samurai there was cowardice. And they concocted a hundred diabolical schemes to render the souls of their young utterly callous and indifferent to the remotest hint of fear in the face of death and pain.

When the new Nippon came, and brought with it a new order of things, the fencing hall of the old clan was converted into a public school with a thoroughly up-to-date curriculum. But the old mania of the old castle town for courage changed not at all.

THERE was the Ghost Story Circle.

It was a Saturday night gathering of the public school boys from the Samurai families of the old clan. It was one of the effective organizations for the noble work of turning the young souls into chilled steel. It met every Saturday night in one of the rooms of the schoolhouse. And we boys looked to it as to a festival. An old gentleman—the grandfather of one of the boys—presided over it. Just how many thousand stories he told us I can't remember. As I take a calm, grown-up view of him at this distance of over forty years, it seems to me that the old gentleman had about as many ghost stories in him as the Pacific Ocean has drops of water in it. And for pure, unadulterated, hair-raising, blood-curdling horror his tales were admittedly without peer in the realm.

The Ghost Story Circle began its session promptly at ten o'clock at night, and at the stroke of midnight the old gentleman brought his stories to an end. Then he carefully counted the number of boys present—never less than fifty. His servant, who always accompanied him to the Circle, counted out exactly the same number of candles as that of boys present and put them into a sack. And then the old gentleman and his servant with the candles went out.

Back of the schoolhouse was an extensive bamboo grove, extending about five hundred yards in the direction of the old castle ruins of Kameyama. It was pitch dark in the bamboo grove even on a moonlight night, as the bamboos grew to the height of more than twenty feet and choked out the light with their feathery arms. There were a few tangled dog trails through it. And any one who wished to get to the haunted castle ruins had to pick his way along these dog trails through the bamboo grove.

It was to the haunted chambers of the castle ruins that the old gentleman and his servant went. When there, they lighted the candles and hid them in various nooks, crevices, and holes of the castle ruins. After that they came back to us. Then began the real work of the night. The big, central idea was for us boys to go out into the night, crawl through the bamboo grove, out into the castle ruins, and hunt for the hidden candles and bring them back to the schoolhouse. All that with shivery details of the ghost stories filling our excited heads—and filling every inch of the bamboo grove and the haunted ruins.

We did not go out together, of course. No such absurd nonsense was permitted for an instant. Each boy drew a small folded piece of paper out of a basket. Each had a number written on it. The boy who drew No. 1 went out first. He had the softest job; it was not hard to find one of the fifty or seventy lighted candles. But the unhappy boy who drew out the last number had quite a time of it; he had to wander all over the castle ruins to find the last of the candles.

THERE was a boy whose name was Hisashi. He was a year older than I; a year ahead of me in school. He was a handsome boy, with features chiseled as fine as a girl's. Not even our own mothers wasted a single moment over a possibility of any of us ever bringing home a beauty prize, even by mistake. All was different with Hisashi. He wouldn't have had much trouble to win a prize in a girls' beauty contest. He was his mother's pet. As if that were not enough for him, the poor fellow was cursed with scholarship; he always stood at the head of his class at school. Mother's pet and teacher's pet. The rest of us boys had to do something about a thing like that in self-defense. We stoutly maintained that we were not jealous—how could anybody be jealous of a sissy freak like that? But there is such a thing as justice in this world—especially in the boy world of the castle town of Kameyama. And there nobody could get away with murder. Justice or no justice, we couldn't let a thing like Hisashi alone; our hands itched too much.

So one day of auspicious omens a band of conspirators (of which the present writer was no backward member) gathered in a secret conclave. The nefarious plot we hatched out was enough to make those antiquated Borgian samples look crude and childish in comparison. But, of course, our fiendish little scheme was conceived, concocted, and launched in the high name of courage culture, you understand. "Here is the cure that can't fail," we said as we put the finishing touches on our dirty work. "It may kill him—most likely will. But it'll cure him."

AND the fateful Saturday night came. And, as usual, the Ghost Story Circle was in session. It was a dirty night with showers and low, smothering clouds. Three of us, arch-conspirators, did not attend the Circle that Saturday. But we were not far from it. Tomio, the strongest of our gang, was officially voted to play the star rôle of an old-woman ghost whose venomous shade had been haunting the castle ruins for nearly a century. He was to play the part in full costume—in the traditional white robe of all orthodox ghosts, nicely and liberally blood-stained all over, and with a hideous mask to match. And to make the stage-setting complete, we rigged up a lot of copper wires with cotton balls at the ends of them, soaked with alcohol, and placed them along the broken walls of the haunted chambers of the old ruin. When lighted, these alcohol-soaked cotton balls sent up nice, tremulous, clinging blue flames along the wires—producing rather artistic ghost-fire, without which no self-respecting Japanese ghosts are supposed to make their appearance. All preliminary work done, we took our ease in our hiding-place.

And a little after midnight we saw the old gentleman and his servant come and plant some sixty-odd lighted candles in various corners of the ruins. And the boys followed one by one. One of them, who was in the plot, came to us and told us that Hisashi had drawn No. 37, and would follow immediately after another member of our gang of plotters. So the whole thing seemed to be working out as smoothly as a courtier's tongue. And

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in due course of time we saw, to our entire satisfaction, mother's-and-teacher's pretty pet come out through the bamboo grove. And, of course, we had lit all the alcohol-soaked cotton balls in his honor a few minutes before his appearance.

It is important for our readers always to keep in mind the fact that by that time all the lighted candles which could be found easily and in the outer rooms of the ruins had been picked up and carried back. So our dear-beloved pet had to travel pretty far into the heart of the old ruins to find his.

Tomio in his white robe and mask was in an inner chamber, and was ready and perfectly willing to do his worst. I, with another conspirator, saw the dark outline of Hisashi walk past our hiding-place. We saw him. More, we heard him. For Hisashi was repeating in his flute-like, girlish voice:

"Nam-myo-Horen-gei-kyo. . . . Nam-myo-Horen-gei-kyo. . . ." That is the familiar prayer formula of the Nichiren Sect.

We followed Hisashi like a couple of starving wolves stalking a prey. He kept on repeating his prayer formula as he went deeper into the haunted chambers.

Then suddenly he jerked himself into a full stop. He froze rigid. A blue ball of fire swung out of nowhere came sailing straight at him and struck the stone floor within a yard of where he stood. And he saw (and we saw it too) in the light of another blue flame twisting weirdly up the carefully costumed ghost of ours.

I thought, I was so sure of it, that our dear little mother's pet would just break and run—run for his dear girlish life. But he didn't. Instead—

Ye Eight Million Gods in the High Plain of Heaven! I lost all my confidence in my own eyes just then. For I saw Hisashi brace himself as for a shock, with his shoulders thrown back. I saw his clenched fists. I am sure I saw his gleaming teeth as if he were about to bite something. And the next thing I saw was a furiously whirling ball bumping up and down on the stone floor as if a couple of wildcats were fighting for their lives. I rubbed my eyes, but that didn't do me any good, it seemed. And before I recovered from amazement which had completely overwhelmed me I saw a sight I shall never forget.

The pretty sissy had picked up the ghost clean off the floor and with a mighty toss flung him up into the air—flung him over the jagged edge of a broken wall out into the outer darkness. Now that was quite a sight for me. I knew as well as anybody that Tomio, who was playing the ghost, could whip—and did repeatedly whip—that pretty sissy of Hisashi with both hands tied behind his back. I knew Tomio could whip ten of Hisashi coming at him at once. And I saw that night this same Hisashi hurl Tomio over the broken wall into the night. More, I positively heard a lively yell of the ghost as it struck the young bamboo bushes some twenty feet below. And through it all I heard the flute note of the pretty boy's voice repeating over and over: *"Nam-myo-Horen-gei-kyo. . . ."*

In one unanimous impulse, we turned and fled in a mad panic—ran as from the wrath of the gods. Our shins suffered terribly; we risked our fool necks a hundred times in that race through the pitch-blackness of the night. But we didn't even know anything about it.

At last our breaths failed us, so we came to a stop. We had run a long way from the castle ruins.

We didn't run from that mother's pet! That was sure and certain. The very idea is preposterous! Perhaps that was the funniest thing we ever did in all our young, adventurous lives, that pell-mell panic flight. And then again, perhaps not. For, after all, it was not the sissy who put us to flight. It was the dramatic exhibition of the divine in a mere human that set our heels to flying.

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Divorce and Birth Control

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

ABOUT marriage stronger feelings center than about any other social institution. And such is the force of tradition that any open suggestion of change or experimentation in social customs at once brings fierce attacks instead of reasonable study.

Judge Ben Lindsey has made—frankly and courageously—a set of highly controversial proposals in his book "The Companionate Marriage," which is being read and discussed throughout the country. If the opponents who have at once condemned him would begin his book on page 244 there would not be so much ill-founded criticism of his proposals.

This is the chapter on "Legislating for the Companionate." In it he shows that we already have this kind of marriage and its accompanying freedom of divorce, although accomplished by what he vividly terms "bootleg contraception" and by "framed" divorce cases, and plainly states:

"There is no need, I repeat, for any separate law that would change the present status of marriage or alter its fundamentals. . . . Companionate Marriage *is* present marriage. What is needed is a law to legalize the already existing privileges and practices of marriage, and place them and their social benefits within the reach of all—even of the poor and ignorant, who most need them."

He then suggests three bills toward this end: one to repeal the present laws against birth control, and to legalize and regulate the right of birth control clinics to give advice to married women; one so to amend divorce laws that childless couples can obtain that release "by mutual consent" (which is now called "collusion" and legally prevents divorce); and the third to deal with the matter of alimony so as to eliminate the "gold-digger."

FAIR discussion of such a desperately earnest piece of work as this calls for willing tribute to the broad humankindness, the unlimited courage, the tolerance, and the practical wisdom of the man. There are few indeed in active political positions who are striving as passionately to carry out social ideals. Those who try to do so generally lose their jobs before accomplishing much; Thomas Osborne in his prison work and "Golden Rule Jones" as Mayor of Toledo are two others whose names come to mind.

Mrs. Gilman continues the discussion of Judge Ben Lindsey's provocative book "Companionate Marriage" begun in the Outlook of December 21 by Dr. Joseph Collins. The doctor looked at legalized birth control and condemned it on scientific and humanistic grounds. Mrs. Gilman, who surely needs no introduction, believes that birth control is an ultimate necessity, unless we are willing to let the pressure of population mount up until it reaches the famine point of Asia. As to easier divorce, Mrs. Gilman agrees with Judge Lindsey that divorce is an evil. But she adds: "So is a surgical operation." We might add that since publication of Dr. Collins's article, many physicians have written to The Outlook to say that, contrary to his opinion, contraception *is* a scientific fact.

In a book intended to reach and rouse the general public the repetition of personal instances is useful; almost all of us are more impressed by a story about somebody than a statement of facts and figures. Judge Lindsey's stories are necessarily about the matter in hand—of unhappiness and misbehavior in marriage, of all manner of illicit connections, and of this "revolt of youth" of which he has already written. As facts they have dignity, as the basis for this work they are required, and as a means of attracting attention nothing could be better.

The two main issues to be considered are those of legal recognition of birth control as a necessary measure, with freedom for full instruction on the subject by competent authorities, and increased ease and cheapness for divorce.

AS to the first point there is no longer much room for denial, apart from religious theories, that on the broadest sociological grounds we must regulate the numbers of our population in each country if we are ever to have peace on earth. Judge Lindsey makes but the briefest reference to this great necessity. He is impressed by the wrecked health of women, the financial strain on men, the injury to children, caused by too large families; and further by the need of what he terms "a normal sex life" for young people long before they are competent to raise a family. It should be clearly understood that he recognizes the monogamous permanent family marriage as the ideal for the human race, to which the childless union should lead, and of which he says: "The early companionate is but a sapling beside it."

Our general ignorance of and indifference to large social needs accounts for our failure to be impressed by the major grounds for birth control. We can see, as a matter of arithmetic, that if population doubles every twenty-five years, as ours has done in the last century or so, very few centuries will be required to make us struggle for the barest living at "the saturation point," as in China.

Wealth may go on increasing indefinitely, but it cannot be eaten unless it is in the form of food, and food is strictly limited by the extent of productive land and agricultural intelligence. Even with the utmost improvement in the latter, that relentless doubling of the people to be fed would bring the whole world to the pass of those Asiatic provinces where enormous numbers are born, and enormous numbers die, leaving alive the maximum number able to exist on a minimum of food.

In the past this increase of population was readily offset by a death rate of vast proportions: death of babies and women in childbirth, death of ill-nourished children, death of millions by famine, by ordinary diseases, and extraordinary plagues, and the constant destruction of war. This is a very clumsy way to regulate population.

At present our improved sanitation and therapeutic science are steadily reducing the death rate; our humanitarianism is carefully keeping alive the unfit and allowing them to reproduce their kind, which they willingly do; our greater knowledge and improved means of transportation reduce the danger of famine; and we are now earnestly trying to prevent war.

So the "pressure of population" mounts up, until we shall strike that

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hideous balance by starvation already known in Asia unless, as reasoning beings, we decide how many people we can properly maintain.

Admitting the ultimate necessity for birth control, and wishing to avoid the dreadful conditions leading to that extremity, it is full time for us to have in common knowledge and use the best means of contraception. Our legislation against the spread of such knowledge is archaic, and can have no sincere backing except from religious conviction that God wants us to become so thick on earth that we die of overcrowding. We quote as irresistible a command which, according to the record, was given at a time when there weren't any people but the first ones. Naturally, they had to "replenish the earth." Replenish does not mean crowd. If told to replenish an orchard with new trees, that would not mean more trees than the ground could feed.

Now as to divorce. This is an evil. Judge Lindsey agrees that it is an evil. So is a surgical operation an evil. No one elects for his own pleasure to be anæsthetized and cut up; but a surgical operation is often better than dying of what ails you.

For two people to live together as man and wife without love is gross immorality. For them to live together as brother and sister is certainly not marriage. When a marriage is no longer a marriage, then it should be discontinued. If there are children, there are other rights to be considered, and sometimes a partial marriage may be maintained for their sakes. On the other hand, there are cases where the impropriety of such a pretense is an injury to children worse than losing one parent.

Judge Lindsey is quite clear about this. He by no means considers divorce as desirable. His wish is to make it cheap and easy for childless couples, who find they have made that commonest of mistakes, a mistaken marriage. He shows, what most of us know already, that our existing divorce laws are continually evaded and circumvented by the lawyers, and that the applicants are driven to false swearing and pretense in order to be legally free. It has been wittily and wisely said that in New York there are two "causes" for divorce—adultery and perjury.

A most interesting point in this connection is the action of the Holy Rota of the Roman Catholic Church, which does not "divorce," but "annuls." It granted twenty-two out of forty-five applications in 1926. Annulments were given on the following grounds: lack of consent, pretense of consent, violence and fear, "defeat of the exact valuation of the meaning of marriage," "condition imposed that there should be no children," insanity, and the well-known one of consanguinity. The fourth and fifth of these grounds for annulment look very much like Companionate Marriage, and an annulment is certainly as good as a divorce.

In discussing our own varied array of "causes" the proud position of South Carolina is noted, where no divorce is allowed on any ground. Judge Lindsey might have added that there are two interesting accompaniments of this severity—one a lower marriage rate than in other Southern States, and the other the practice of concubinage to such an extent that it became necessary to pass legislation against a man's leaving more than a quarter of his property to his mistress. (Sec. 2487, Code S. C., 1902.)

His attack on the "gold-diggers" is more than justified. An increasing number of young women seem to marry for no other reason than to break their marriage and live on the proceeds. Laws based on the needs of young children, or of elderly women in broken health, need sharp revision in the case of such open dishonor.

He makes another suggestion, with part of which I am wholly in agreement—that applicants for marriage should first pass an examination as to fitness. This is required before getting life insurance and before entering the army. Marriage, affecting the very nature of the stock, is more important than these. But he goes on to propose an establishment wherein young men and women intending to marry may be instructed in "the art of love," which he calls a House of Human Welfare.

Surely the essentials of what is natural and necessary in the marriage relation should be known to both contracting parties; a contract is hardly valid unless its terms are understood. One of the most pitiful errors of our views on this matter is letting young girls enter this relation without a clear understanding of what they are undertaking. But all this is easy to teach at home; or, if the parents are inadequate, the physicians giving the preliminary examination could add the simple necessary facts with suitable reading matter in addition.

Open to sound objections in this book there remain the basic proposition that our present degree of sex endowment is normal and permanent, and the violent insistence that our evil behavior is due to those unspeakably mischievous Puritans. One of the most laughable features of present psycho-philosophy is its furious disapproval of decency and self-control. Where such characteristics still appear they are met by the assertion that if a person objects to gross license and public amorousness that person is thereby proven to be inwardly corrupt.

Our minds have been so long trained by all religions to accept old doctrines without question that we show the same lamblike submission before new ones, never asking for proof. In the current surrender to impulse and desire, it is perhaps natural enough that those able to restrain themselves should be disliked. But we go farther; we assert that all the severe behavior of the Puritans was mere pretense and hypocrisy, and at the same time that their "repressions" worked such havoc with our nervous systems as to account for all present misconduct—if there is any.

Judge Lindsey is very sure about this. He says that sex is "a spiritual thing," as "natural and right as the desire for food." And adds: "You can make any man a glutton by making it exceedingly hard for him to obtain food, or by forcing him to steal food, or to eat it only in secret for fear he will be accused of gluttony and grossness. . . . The traditional Puritan attitude toward sex hunger is just as insane and baseless. . . . We *have* in many quarters, the orgy of sex these Puritans fear; and *they* are the people who have created it. What *I* want to do is to end it."

This is not unfairly lifted from the context; it is repeated many times in the book, that the Puritans are to blame for our excesses.

Less modern psychiatry and more ancient history make clear the fallacy of this view. That fanatical attitude toward food was exactly what was used by the Spartans in their training, and, whatever the shortcomings of the Spartans, they certainly were not gluttons. And when we come to the Romans, who entertained no such "Puritanical" prejudices, we find gluttony at its height in proportion to wanton over-indulgence.

As to sex indulgence, that has gone unchecked for almost all our existence since the subjection of women. The

(*Continued on page 153*)

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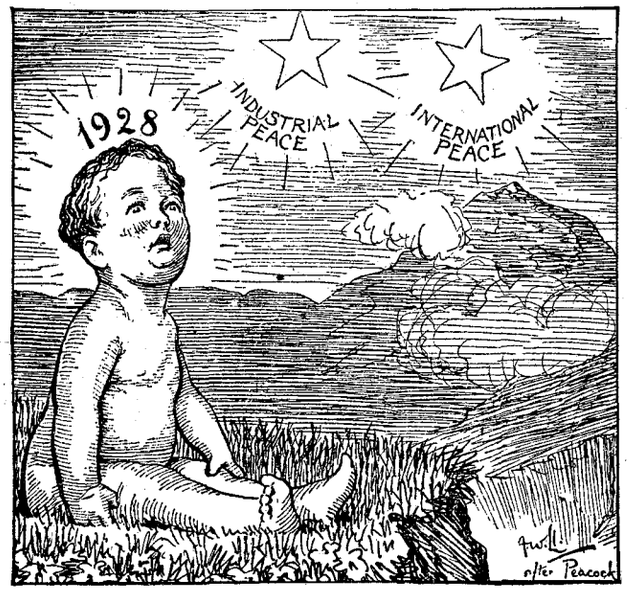
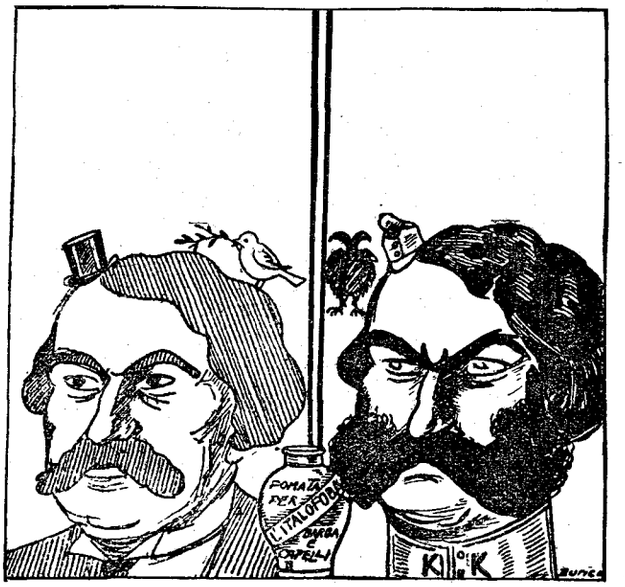
From European Papers

From John Bull, London



Seeing stars

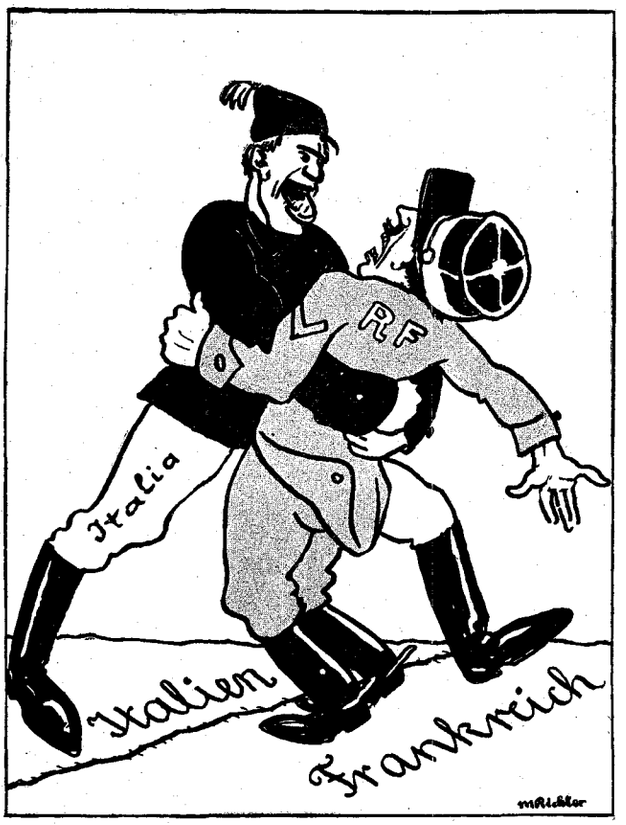
From Il 420, Florence



Briand and Italophobe Pomade

Before using—and after

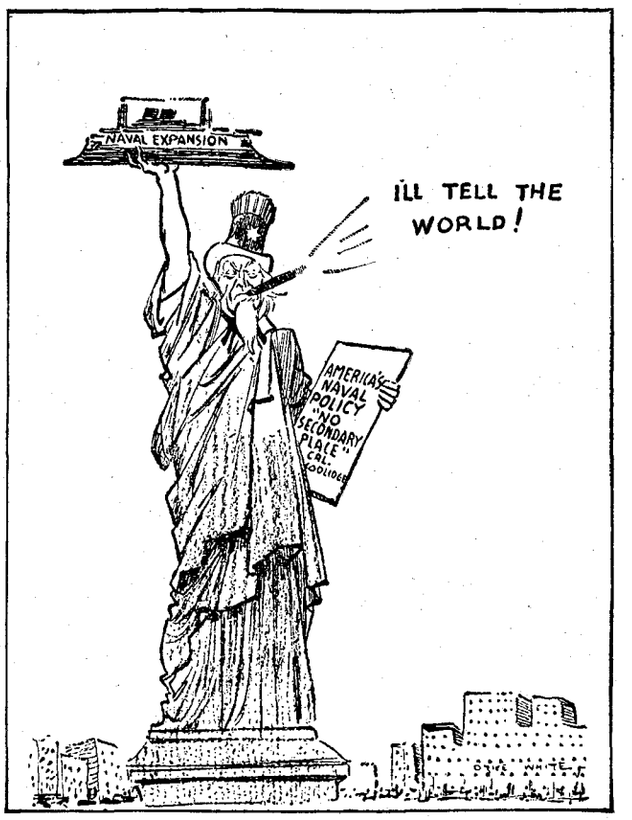
From Kladderdatsch, Berlin



The fight

We are anxious to see which will knock the other out

From the Record, Glasgow



Uncle Sam Liberty enlightening the world

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

January 25, 1928

The President on Latin-American Soil

CUBA's greeting to President Coolidge was at once a tribute to the country that helped her set herself free and a spontaneous expression of the demonstrative Latin-American nature. We of the United States are inclined to be insensitive to what may affect the feelings of other people. We do not estimate as highly as do our neighbors to the south those manners and customs that serve as expressions of mutual regard and consideration. And perhaps therefore we shall be slow to value the tribute that the Cuban people paid; but we ought to recognize its sincerity and prize the good will that lies behind it.

In its setting the scene of welcome was like that of a pageant. With Morro Castle barking its salute, the battleship Texas, preceded by destroyers and followed by the cruiser Memphis and more destroyers, steamed into the Harbor of Havana. There in the streets and plaza the people had gathered in great masses with the entire Cuban army and the city's police force. President and Mrs. Coolidge and the other members of the delegation to the Pan-American Conference were cheered enthusiastically by the multitude. Some observers likened the ovation to that which President Wilson received at Paris.

Such a demonstration serves to show how wise it was for our Government to select for its delegation to the Pan-American Congress the very best men that it could find.

President Coolidge's Speech in Cuba

A SPECIAL welcome was given by the Cubans and by the other Latin-Americans to the former Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, the head of the delegation. This was a tribute to one whom Latin-Americans have regarded as just and honorable in his dealing with them. The other members of the delegation are Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Italy; Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico; Noble B. Judah, Ambassador to Cuba; Oscar W. Underwood, former Senator of the United States; Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York; Dr. Leo S. Rowe, Director-General of the Pan-American Union; Dr. James Brown Scott, Director of the Carnegie Peace Foundation; and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Leland Stanford University.

In opening the Pan-American Conference President Coolidge addressed, not only those within his sight, but millions throughout the Western Hemisphere. For the first time the voice of a President speaking on foreign soil was heard by his own countrymen at home. Indeed, wherever there were radio sets in Latin America as well as in the United States his voice could be heard.

At the outset President Coolidge made clear that he regarded the republics of the Western Hemisphere as in some way set apart from the rest of the world. With Columbus, he said, "sailed immortal Declarations of Independence and great charters of self-government. . . . Unless we together redeem the promise which his voyage held for humanity, it must remain forever void." Freed from the jealousies and hatreds of the Old World, the republics of the New World have put their confidence in the ultimate wisdom of the people. "Nowhere among these republics have great military establishments ever been maintained for the purpose of over-awing or subjugating other nations." The President paid special tribute to the "statesmanship of the Southern American republics."

If there was any apprehension that the United States, because of its bigness, would attempt a domineering attitude, it must have been allayed by these words: "All nations here represented stand on an exact footing of equality. The smallest and the weakest speaks here with the same authority as the largest and most powerful." President Coolidge laid emphasis upon the importance of all these nations being intent on maintaining their own institutions and customs, preserving the purity of their own language and literature, fostering the ideals of their own culture and society.

By a coincidence, the day of the opening of the Conference coincided with the eighth anniversary of the first meeting of the Council of the League of Nations; and in the President's speech there was a veiled but unmistakable reference to the League when he said that the existence of this Conference "involves no antagonism toward any other section of the world or any other organization."

Following the spirit of President Coolidge's speech, our delegation, we hope, will invite a full discussion of all the grievances against the United States which have been nursed in some quarters of Latin America, including Nicaragua. If there are imaginary grievances, we should know them and have a chance to dispel them. If there are any that are not imaginary, we should know them that we may correct them.

During the next few weeks we shall know more than we do now of what this Conference means; but if it does nothing more than promote the cultivation of mutual acquaintance it will have served an important purpose.

Crime and Punishment

RUTH SNYDER and Judd Gray are dead, and we know all about it. We could not help but know all about it. A zealous press has left unpublished no detail that would titillate our senses. Judd was calm in his last hours. He ate roast chicken, mashed potatoes, and celery, and finished with coffee and a good cigar. The woman sobbed her life away, and stumbled into the chamber of death between two stout matrons; a sorry, lank-haired wretch who had to be steadied in the chair until the straps were on her arms and legs. Some words of Christ were on her lips when the switch was turned. A "gentleman" of the press took her picture at that moment, and it was duly printed in a tabloid. Then Judd. During that famous trial, which was reported by philosophers, playwrights, novelists, motion-picture actresses, Fundamentalist ministers, and droves of newspaper and camera men, the little corset salesman had said that he had always tried to be a gentleman. He wore a wasp-waist suit with peaked lapels for his final bow to the world, and he was most horribly frightened; but he died as gentlemanly a death as possible.

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No, there is nothing we do not know about the crime or its atonement, including the fact that one was as revolting as the other. It is possible that the tabloids may in the end deprive themselves of the pleasure of printing and us of reading these stories from the death cell.

A few more such orgies, and some one may be led to make inquiries about the majesty of the law and the dignity of justice under capital punishment.

Archibald Cary Coolidge

To the great majority of American people Archibald Cary Coolidge, who died on January 14, was unknown; but he was nevertheless one of the most eminent and useful of Americans. Merely to give a list of his services would be to cumber such a brief record as we can give with outward forms, whereas what signified in his service to his kind was his mind and character. Others have been college instructors; but he distinguished himself in his teaching at Harvard by opening to students vistas of history that they would not have had opened to them by mere study. Among those who went out from his classes are men distinguished in public life today. He was in the diplomatic service of his country and represented his country in other capacities. Not the least of his achievements was in the editorial direction of the American quarterly review "Foreign Affairs." The Harvard Library will permanently bear the impress of his devotion.

He had the advantage of being able to view the practical work of diplomacy with the eye of the historian and the movements of history with the eye of the experienced diplomatist.

We Now Can Lend to the French

THE State Department has lifted the ban on American loans to French industries.

The objection it had to such loans was based upon the theory that Americans should not lend money to a country that had not paid its debts. The attitude of the State Department caused irritation in France. This was not because the French were eager to borrow money from us, but because they naturally felt that any such policy was in the nature of a reflection upon them. There has been no change in the attitude of France toward her debt to the United States, but the ban has been lifted. The removal of the ban is confined to French industrial loans, and does not affect loans to the French Government.

With the notification to the bankers that "the State Department has no objection to the flotation in American markets of French industrial securities as such," there has been no announcement of a general change in policy as applied to other countries or any change in policy concerning the practice of giving or withholding an expression of disapproval of specific loans. Nevertheless a policy toward France has been abandoned which in this case at least and doubtless in other cases has not had a good effect.

The removal of the ban is not likely to affect materially the amount of French securities offered in this country. The French apparently do not want to borrow money and the French Government does not favor borrowing. Such results as may follow this action are likely to be chiefly psychological. That does not make it any the less important.

Perhaps the abandonment of a policy that had apparently served no good purpose will make the French Government more disposed to meet the American proposals concerning arbitration treaties.

Weeding the Prohibition Field

WHAT does a Federal prohibition agent know? What should he know?

These questions are raised by the fact that three out of four of those now employed in the field force of the Bureau of Prohibition recently failed to pass the required Civil Service examination. A bare five hundred made the necessary grade, and fifteen hundred places must be filled from the outside—unless Prohibition Commissioner Doran succeeds in having the Civil Service Commission make the requirements less rigorous and re-examine those who failed.

Dr. Doran does not believe that the examination had the effect of weeding out the poor and retaining the good. Some of his best men, he has said, failed to pass, and some of those who did pass were regarded by their superiors as being comparatively poor agents.

It is impossible, Dr. Doran says, to fill the gaps from the outside. He thinks that most of the 4,000 men outside the service who passed the examination are poorly qualified. In both Chicago and Detroit, he says, 200 certified men were available; but in neither city was it possible to find more than five, or one in forty, who had the necessary practical qualifications for prohibition agents.

This situation is, of course, deplorable, but the difficulties will doubtless be removed without disaster to the service. It is possible that the Civil Service Commission did give too stiff an examination. On the other hand, it is quite possible that some of the "practical" qualifications which the Prohibition Bureau has regarded as essential to an agent are not in fact so, and that the service would be quite as well off if men without these "practical qualifications" but with Civil Service certificates should oust some of those who have the "practical qualifications"—whatever they are—but no Civil Service certificates.

Certainly, the Bureau of Prohibition does not require the services of men whose qualifications are so subtle that they cannot be revealed by the right kind of Civil Service examination.

For the King's Delight

WHEN, about five thousand years ago, a certain king of Mesopotamia died and was buried in Ur, he took with him in the religious belief of his day the spirits of servants, musicians, chariot drivers, and gold-decked women of the harem.

We do not certainly know his name; his actual body was not found. But where the funeral rites were celebrated there were found more than a score of bodies of men and women—the driver at his mule's head, the harper with his hand on the strings of his instrument, the women and children as they were dressed in the harem, and all laid out in neat rows.

There was no motive of propitiatory sacrifice here. The king simply wanted to have these people in the land beyond—just as his dice, his gaming board, and his gold and silver vessels were put near at hand. He wanted, and believed he was going to have, his royal refreshment, amusements, and domestic service as usual. Thus the practices observed in Egypt in Tutankhamen's time are now shown to have existed much earlier in Mesopotamia.

The story is told in a recent report of the joint archæological expedition of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum, which had previously made many discoveries in this field.

Dr. Woolley, director of the expedition, points out that the burial customs now revealed had not before been known to exist, and probably were a survival of the past and confined to royalty. He adds that the discovery "has supplied definite information which is absolutely

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Cartoons of the Week

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

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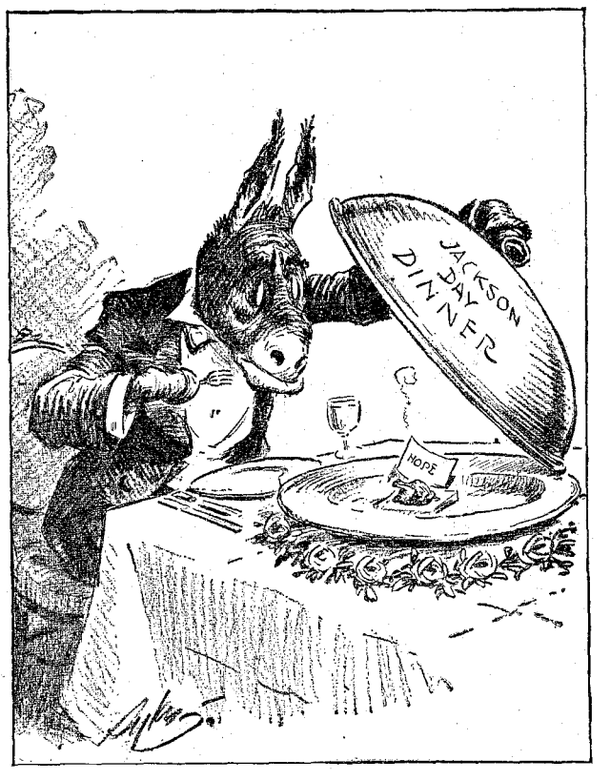
He just refuses to be ignored

From J. G. Lang, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post



Help yourself!

From Miss Janey Kudlich, Union City, N. J.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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Leap Year on Automobile Row

From Celeste Weyl, New York, N. Y.

Darling in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

But, William, you know the household rules, don't you?

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

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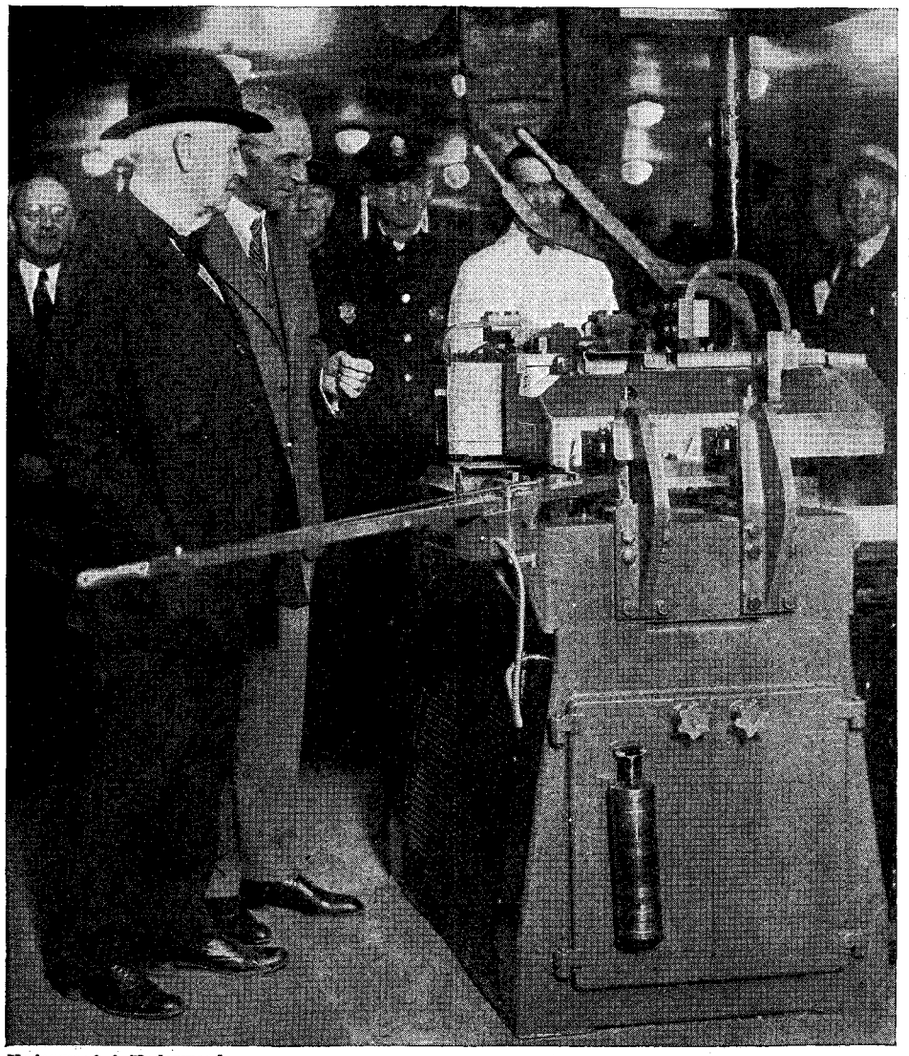

Underwood & Underwood

THE WIZARDS OF MENLO AND HIGHLAND PARK

Thomas Edison and his old friend Henry Ford among the throngs at the Ford *Industrial Exposition in New York, the week of January 9.* The machine is used for welding rear axle housings in the manufacture of the new Ford car

new to science, and it affords material for theories still more far-reaching."

One important conclusion drawn is that the art of Mesopotamia was developed earlier than that of Egypt and was far in advance of that country at contemporary dates.

Where Famine Is the Rule

FOUR million people are threatened with the perils of beggary and famine in Shantung Province in China. It is the age-old story from the Far East—districts depopulated, whole villages on the march, seeking food anywhere, eating roots, bark and chaff, having consumed the last of their stores and torn down their homes to sell the wood to buy grain.

Three years of bad crops, a locust plague and no rain, and exploitation by irresponsible militarists and looting by soldiers and bandits in the midst of civil war—these are some of the causes, together with the lack of good roads, which makes it impossible to bring supplies from other provinces where they exist. So land is being thrown on the market by ruined owners, large and small, daughters are being sold into concubinage and sons to families not possessing boy children.

An appeal for $1,000,000 for relief of suffering is to be made by the China International Famine Commission. America will aid, of course, as she has always aided. But the true needs have been pointed out by Walter H. Mallory, formerly Secretary of the Commission, in his book "China: Land of Famine." They are flood control and irrigation, better roads, and improved agriculture. These are the only ways that famine can be relieved at all permanently in China.

And the work can only be undertaken effectively when China herself recovers from the craze of civil war and begins to set her own house in order.

Amateur and Professional in Lawn Tennis

PRELIMINARY to the meeting of the United States Lawn Tennis Association in Chicago next month there have been rumblings indicating a leaning toward the idea of a new relation between the lawn tennis amateur and the professional. It has been against the rules of amateur tennis for an amateur to play any sort of formal match against a professional. There has been, as almost every one must know, no such rule in golf. Now resolutions have been proposed by the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association favoring the recognition of professionals and hinting at the possibility of permitting mixed professional and amateur play in the near future.

The regulations against open competitions in general have resulted in making the tennis professional merely a teacher and never a competitor, and, as competition in tournaments is necessary for the highest proficiency, the greatest players have been developed in amateur ranks.

But last year came the famous raid of C. C. Pyle on the amateur ranks and the capture for professionalism of Vincent Richards, Howard Kinsey, Miss Mary K. Browne, Mlle. Lenglen, and others. At the close of the last season the professionals held what they termed their first annual tournament, won rather easily by Vincent Richards.

Now the resolutions we have referred to commend heartily the idea of professional tournaments, but frown on barnstorming trips. Beyond this new attitude lies the vision of the coming of open tennis tournaments like the open tournaments in golf, with the professionals competing for cash and the amateurs for glory.

Under its rules, golf has had less difficulty in some respects than tennis has had; but recently there has been the threat that professional promoters were keen for a chance to provide in golf the sort of traveling circus which Pyle produced in tennis.

Show Boats of Ancient Rome

MUSSOLINI has always had a special interest in ancient Rome, for his Fascist organization was greatly helped by the revival of old Roman symbols and titles. He has more than once ex-

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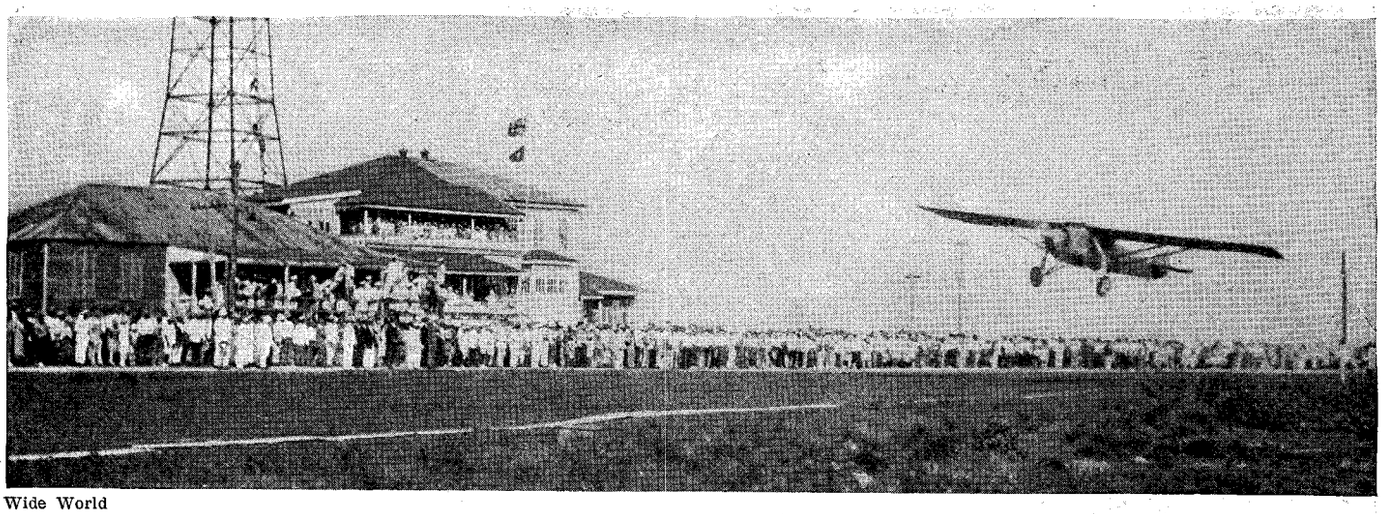

Wide World

LINDBERGH MAKING HIS REMARKABLE LANDING ON A 400-YARD FIELD AT BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

The Spirit of St. Louis was the first land plane to arrive in that country

pressed his hope that a practical plan would be found for raising at least one of the two Roman galleys which rest at the bottom of Lake Nemi, and have rested there since the time of Caligula.

Lake Nemi, which is only about seventeen miles from Rome, is one of the most beautiful small bodies of water in the world. It has peculiar interest because it fills the crater of an enormous extinct volcano, because its grove and Temple of Diana were famous in classic times, and because it was the seat of a singular colony, largely made up of bandits. Worshipers of Diana, these bandits were ruled over by a king of their own choice, who held his place on condition that he should slay any challenger, but was succeeded in the royal office by any challenger who killed him.

The ancient vessels, one of which may be raised, are thought by some to be not really ships but what we might call show boats, used for displays and spectacles connected with the worship of Diana. There really seems to have been no other reason for boats of this size in such a small lake as Nemi.

The present proposal has been made by a group of Italian companies which propose to drain the lake at their own expense, though probably with a view of charging an admission fee to visitors.

Both the so-called ships are over two hundred feet in length. Owing to the clearness of the water, they may sometimes be seen from above. Many objects have been brought up from them and taken to Rome. Their original gorgeousness may be judged from the fact that their decks were paved with porphyry and serpentine, and that almost everything about them seems to have been either covered with gold or made of bronze.

The execution of the proposed plan is not likely to prove easy, but if successful it certainly will offer to travelers a unique attraction.

An Eastern Potentate on Tour

KIPLING's "The Bear That Walks Like a Man" comes to mind when we read that the visit of King Amanullah of Afghanistan to Europe is exciting rivalry between England and Russia and that British statesmen feel that if Afghanistan should fall under Russian influence British Indian possessions would be menaced.

Amanullah's tour will reach from Rome, where his presence has excited curiosity and interest, to Paris, London, and other capitals. Whatever may be its diplomatic effect, it is certainly a picturesque event. Amanullah prefers to be called King rather than Ameer. His name means "Peace of God," but some of his people call him "Lightning of God" because he strikes so swiftly at evil-doers. His Queen, his boy Crown Prince, most of his Cabinet Ministers, a suite of relatives, whom it is rumored he prefers to keep under his eye rather than to leave at home, make up a large retinue. The Afghan Queen is distinctly modernistic. She goes unveiled, and wears fashionable dresses. The ladies of the party, it is said, brought 180 trunks, and are looking forward to an orgy of buying new things in Paris.

But the present Ameer of Afghanistan is a plain, competent man. He has invented an improved system of writing, and says: "I teach my system at evening classes, when the day's work is done. We have millions of illiterates. They need schools, and shall have them." He has made himself unpopular by abolishing polygamy; he has revised the penal laws; he edits the one Afghanese newspaper; he owns a hotel and has an interest in the real estate business.

A practical ruler this, and apparently as sensible as he is versatile.

The Pope's Encyclical on Unity

POPE PIUS XI has rebuffed all proposals or suggestions that there can be any union of other churches with the Roman Catholic Church, or the acceptance of non-Catholics by the Roman Catholic Church, except on the basis of complete submission to the authority of the Roman Pontiff. His latest encyclical is definite, unqualified, and emphatic. His meaning is unmistakable.

Such submission to the Pope's authority, Pope Pius makes clear, means complete acceptance of the dogmas revealed through the Pope's authority. On this there can be no compromise, he insists, no difference of opinion. "The supernatural virtue of faith," as he calls it, is derived from formal authority; and therefore all Christians must accept with the same faith all dogmas—the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (that is, the freedom of Mary, the mother of Jesus, from the taint of original sin) equally with the dogma of the Trinity, and the dogma of the Incarnation of God equally with the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope in the sense established by the Ecumenical Council.

Granted his premises, how is it possible to escape from his reasoning? God, he says, might have implanted his law

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Wide World

A VIEW OF ENGLAND'S FLOOD

A street in Canterbury where communication with the outside world was possible only by cart or boat

in the heart of man, but he did not. Instead, God imposed his precepts upon man by his revealed word, and finally fulfilled this revealed word in his Son, Jesus Christ, who founded the Church as a perfect society with jurisdiction committed to Peter and his successors. It follows, therefore, that there can be no division in the Church, and that the authority of the Apostolic See of Rome cannot depend upon the consent of the faithful. That authority is derived from God. The Pontiff consequently cannot tolerate the errors of those who have fallen away from this revealed word, differing among themselves as they do about the interpretation of it, nor can he participate in their meetings; but if they will return and submit to the magistracy of the government of the Apostolic See, he will forget the injuries they have done, and will affectionately receive them.

In this encyclical Pius XI states nothing new in substance, but merely restates in new form the familiar doctrine of his Church.

Its Effect on Anglo-Catholics and Others

To those who would accept the Pope's premises that religion is a law imposed on man by a divine Lawgiver, and that it has been intrusted to a visible, tangible Church for safe-keeping and promulgation, but would escape the Pope's conclusion, this encyclical brings no comfort. Lord Halifax and other Anglo-Catholics who carried on for several years a series of "conversations" at Malines, in Belgium, with Cardinal Mercier and, after his death, with his successor in the Archbishopric, Mgr. Roev, with a view to finding a means of negotiation between High Church Anglicans and Roman Catholics, and equally those who have hoped that ultimately such a gathering as that at Lausanne last summer might lead to Church union on a basis of faith and order, can find in this encyclical no other response to their advances than an invitation to surrender.

Of course, Protestant Fundamentalists, like Roman Catholics, regard religion as an external law revealed by God, but, unlike Roman Catholics, believe they find it, not in the transmitted jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical authority interpreting the Bible for all alike, but only in the Bible itself. They therefore do not look for comfort in a Papal encyclical. Divided as they are from one another, however, with no central authority to interpret that external divine law which they believe to be embodied in the Bible, they cannot point to any outward form of unity, as the Pope can, in attestation of the unity of that external law to which they appeal as their authority.

To all those who look upon religion as an authoritative doctrine to be believed this encyclical is a challenge as well as an invitation.

There is another conception of religion, which elsewhere in this issue we briefly place in contrast to that set forth by the Pope.

The S-4 Inquiry

THE investigation into the S–4 disaster by the Naval Court of Inquiry at Boston continues. The United States Senate has concurred in the resolution of the lower house for an investigation under President Coolidge's plan of a commission to include non-Departmental experts. The many questions involved will, we hope, be sifted thoroughly.

A rather spectacular re-enactment of the circumstances of the collision took place on January 12 in Provincetown Harbor, with the Coast Guard vessel Monaghan and the submarine S–6 in the rôles of the Paulding and the S–4. It was a test of what might have been possible as regards courses, visibility, the use of the periscope, speeds, and what was, or might have been, done by either of the vessels in the actual collision. Just what the test proved or disproved will appear in the report of the Court of Inquiry.

As to the use of the periscope, wit-

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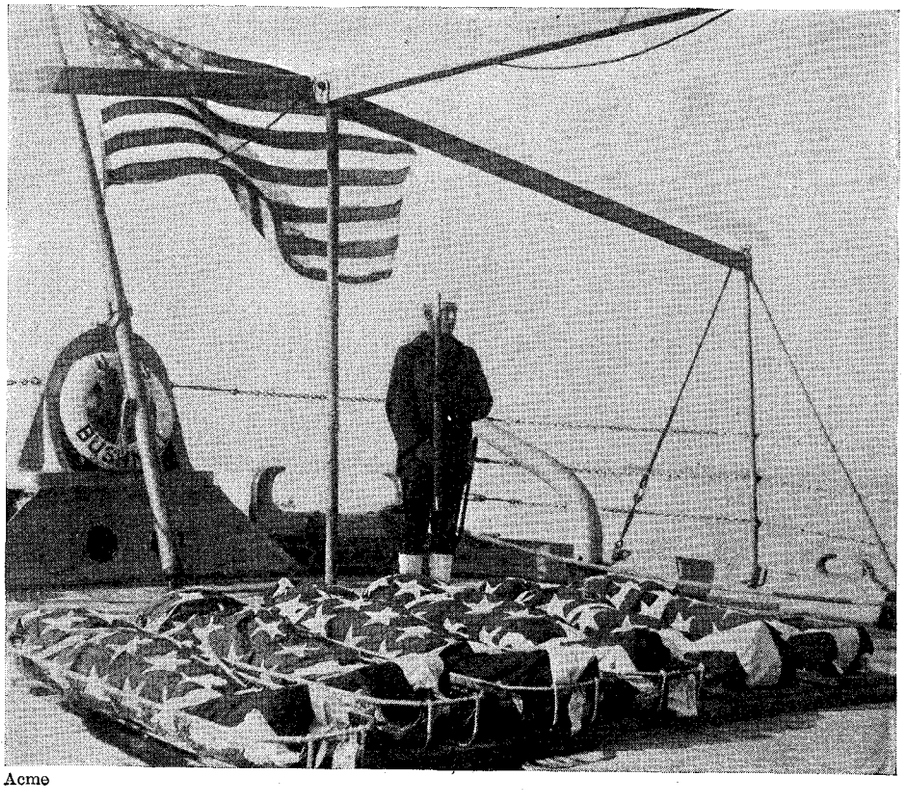
nesses at the inquiry took the ground that the S–4 could only possibly have avoided the collision by diving, and that a "crash dive" might have been executed in thirty seconds, although with danger of hitting the bottom. That the Paulding, after sighting the submarine's periscope, could have avoided the collision was considered impossible by several naval experts.

Rear-Admiral Brumby, as commander of all our Atlantic submarines, manfully assumed full responsibility for the rescue operations, but was unable to answer many technical questions. He felt certain, however, that there was no avoidable delay in getting divers down and that weather conditions impeded both diving operations and the efforts to get air into the submarine. He considered that the naval officers engaged in the rescue attempts "represented the best intelligence available in the United States" and that everything possible to be done had been done.

No one seems now to doubt that it is both possible and imperative that rules, construction, and operating orders can in the future lessen the danger to our submarine sailors.



Acme

THE RESCUE THAT CAME TOO LATE

A sailor standing guard on the U. S. S. Bushnell over six bodies brought up by deep-sea divers from the hulk of the submarine S–4

Television in the Home

IT may be that the day when by television the moving, smiling picture of a young woman appeared in four home television receivers will be comparable with that day when Alexander Bell first made actual use of the telephone by talking to his assistant.

A little over a year ago The Outlook recorded the fact that Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, consulting engineer of the General Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America, had made it possible to see moving objects clearly by radio transmission. In brief, as we then stated, his method was to divide into a mosaic of parts the image to be transmitted, and to transmit this mosaic with such rapid repetition that it deceived the eye because of that persistence of vision which makes motion-picture films rapidly shown blend into apparently continuous action.

What happened at Schenectady on January 13 was simply the practical application of this principle by Dr. Alexanderson to broadcasting conditions. It was limited in scope, to be sure, but a demonstration of wide possibilities for the future. Thus a radio announcer's face, as he spoke in one part of the laboratory, was seen in television cabinets, through apertures three inches square, in another room of the laboratory and in three neighboring homes. The demonstrator declared that this experiment gave the first absolute proof of the possibility of connecting homes throughout the world by sight as they have already been connected by voice.

It is now well within the range of probability to look forward to the time when we may sit quietly at home and both hear and see the performance of an opera or a President delivering his inaugural address.

A Wholesale Conviction

AFTER a trial lasting three months, one hundred and forty-seven men and women have just been convicted at Termini Imerese in Sicily as members of the dreaded Mafia. They were charged with crimes ranging from theft to murder, and will receive sentences of imprisonment, the maximum being hard labor for life. This trial will be followed by others. Altogether, from five hundred to a thousand arrests have been made, and the prisoners are being tried in huge batches and are arraigned in barred cage-like docks.

Under Mussolini's orders, the insidious criminal power of the Mafia seems broken. Readers of Marion Crawford's "Corleone" will remember the vivid picture of this mysterious interwoven criminal conspiracy which by intimidation, blackmail, bribery, and violence has for many years terrorized honest people, corrupted the doubtful, and often openly fought the police.

The Mafia is very ancient; some historians say that it goes back to early Greek colonists in Sicily before the time of Christ.

The chief of the gang which has just been tried died in prison not long ago, after a thirty-six years' record of rapine and murder. One of the most picturesque figures in the group just tried was "Queen" Giuseppa Salvo, mother of four sons and two daughters among the prisoners. She dressed as a man, and it was she who fixed ransoms and blackmail and ordered removals by death of her enemies.

Seventeen years ago Petrosini, a New York detective, who went to Sicily to study the Mafia and its ways, was assassinated there. No one was punished for his murder. The crime had its influence in tightening our laws as to guarding against criminal aliens entering this country.

Mussolini's success in checking the Mafia—if it is a success—may prove that it takes an autocracy to catch an autocracy.

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The Navy and the Nation

THE new naval program has been put forward in the best way to startle the country and to alarm other nations. Hardly had Congress been assembled when it was announced that the Administration favored a naval program of a billion dollars. Newspapers ran headlines about "World's Greatest Navy Plan" and the confidence of "Big Navy Men" in the proposed "Huge Program." Even now we do not believe that the country understands that this program, which bulks so large in the total, is in fact only making up to the Navy what it has failed to get and might reasonably have expected to get by normal annual appropriations.

No country in the world today can make war without the approval of the United States. Both the moral and material support of America are essential. This fact was recognized publicly and specifically by Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador at Washington. In paying tribute to Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France, on the eve of his return to his post in Paris, Ambassador Claudel added that there were some things that were worse than organized warfare—for example, a state of anarchy and highway robbery. Though war, he recognized, is a clumsy weapon, and a great part of the world can do without it, it cannot be outlawed until there is law from which it can be driven out. In the meantime, M. Claudel pointed out, France is the country most in need of peace and the United States is the country able to do most for the cause of peace.

This is not primarily a tribute to America's good intentions. It is rather a tribute to America's power. If the United States were a feeble nation, nobody would dream of saying that other countries could go to war only with its consent. That its consent is now considered essential is one consequence of America's participation in the World War. Since 1918 the nations of Europe have had visible evidence of America's power, and therefore they will heed what America may say about peace.

For this reason, if we wish to exert an influence on behalf of peace, we must have a strong navy. What sort of navy it should be should be determined by the policy which it is designed to carry out. It may not be necessary for us to go to war ourselves; but it may be necessary for us so to police the high seas as to make a warring nation's position not only uncomfortable but ineffective.

Our Navy, therefore, will be doing its best work when there is no war. It is not merely a line of defense against an enemy; it is an arm of power for the maintenance of a peaceful policy. Without a battle it may earn far more than it costs.

During the past six years our Navy has been allowed to remain deficient in certain necessary elements. By what we believe to have been a mistaken policy the Administration has not urged and Congress has not provided the construction of cruisers and other auxiliary vessels year by year that would be requisite for the active operations of a fleet or for the protection of lines of communication and transportation routes. If we had constructed those vessels, nobody would have objected. The theory seems to have been that we might by example prevent other nations from over-construction by giving an example of under-construction. Our example having had no effect, and the Geneva Naval Conference having come to no result, the Nation is now suddenly informed that it must make up for lost time.

There is one war which might be instituted by other countries without the consent of the United States, and that is a war by a coalition of countries against the United States. If American naval policy should give the impression of becoming aggressive, it would cease to be a policy of peace. Nothing could be more likely to create an impression abroad, and even at home, of aggressive intentions than the sudden announcement of a huge naval program. Our attempts to find out what that program really meant were not successful. The bill introduced into the House of Representatives at the request of the Secretary of the Navy authorized the President "to undertake the construction of the following vessels: Twenty-five light cruisers, nine destroyer leaders, thirty-two submarines, and five aircraft carriers." In that bill nothing was said about the time limit or the cost. Estimates bring the cost of these vessels to something like three-quarters of a billion dollars. It is supposed that in the original plan were included four battleships, to be built after the expiration of the naval treaty in 1932, and these may have been included in the so-called billion-dollar program. So far as we were able to ascertain at the time, nothing officially had been said concerning the period over which such construction should spread. In presenting this program to the House of Representatives the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Wilbur, has at last made an explanation which is as near official as anything yet put forth. He has said that the plan for the seventy-one ships is intended to cover a period of eight years. According to this, the yearly appropriations would average less than one hundred millions, would in no year run higher than $141,500,000, and would for the last year of the period be as low as $10,400,000.

A cruiser costs each person in the country somewhat less than seventeen cents. To put before the country and the world a naval program that speaks in terms of billions of dollars—for even yet there is talk of a twenty-year program that would mount up to the billions—instead of telling precisely what the Navy needs now and what it should have year by year is to mislead the country and our friends abroad alike.

There is nothing in the mind or purposes of the American people that warrants the apprehension which is said to exist in Great Britain and Japan concerning our naval plans. If there is such real apprehension there—as there is reported to be in certain quarters—it must be due to the way in which those naval plans were first announced. There is not the slightest evidence that these plans involve the country in any competitive building. We are not trying to outstrip any other nation. We are simply providing adequate weapons for the battle fleet that we have and reasonable guardians for our lines of communication. Secretary Wilbur's statement to the House comes rather late to correct a wrong impression. These words in it, therefore, need emphasizing:

"The program proposed, if carried out, will create a properly constituted fleet. . . . We have not such a fleet at the present time. Each postponement of the undertaking of essen-

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tial new construction increases the already pronounced inadequacy of the fleet in certain respects, and extends the period of that inadequacy still farther into the future. . . . Prompt adoption of the program proposed will result in a fleet adequate for National defense and will avoid excessive peak loads in future financial demands."

False economy and misunderstanding of the psychology of other peoples have led the Administration first to neglect the Navy, and then to make up for the neglect by the announcement of a program that sounds like a threat. Congress has not been wholly free from blame. It has some power of initiative and should have exercised it. The Navy is not, and never has been, a partisan issue. It is the business of Congress, without regard to party, to see that this country avoids its past mistakes in respect to the Navy and provides for the country a naval force which its peaceful policy requires.

Russia's "Cooler"

SIBERIA was the land of anguish for political offenders under the Czars—its snow-bound wastes a symbol of dread. Now the Bolshevik Commissars are using its terrors of exile against recalcitrant members of their own party, and these actually former leaders of the Revolution that put the Soviets in power—Trotsky, Zinoviev, Radek, Kamenev.

Reports from Moscow had it that these former chieftains of the Red cohorts, together with enough others to make thirty, had been banished to remote points in Siberia—or equally remote points elsewhere—because of their antagonism to the policies of the ruling group. Later reports said that they had not yet been sent out of Moscow, but that they would be if they did not give up active opposition to the program of the Government. Siberia means silence and oblivion, and Trotsky and his crew can stand anything better than that. So they may find a way to stay somewhere near the orators' platform. But the decree of banishment against them shows the determination of Stalin, General Secretary and political boss of the Russian Communist Party. Happy days in what anti-Bolshevik refugees like to call "the Soviet Paradise."

The spirits of the Decembrists—those aristocrats who almost exactly a century ago dared to criticise the autocrat of all the Russias and suffered the penalty of confinement in Siberian exile—would smile grimly from the graveyard of their little church in Chita to see these gentry joining their train. For it happens that not one of the prominent Bolshevik rebels is a genuine Slavic Russian. Trotsky's real name is Bronstein, Zinoviev's Apfelbaum, and Kamenev's Rosenfeld, while Radek is by birth a Czech Jew and Rakovsky a Bulgarian. They all have held posts of power and influence, and three in particular: Trotsky, who commanded the Red Army; Zinoviev, who was President of the Third Communist International; and Kamenev, who, together with Zinoviev, once played a part in the ruling triumvirate in the Council of People's Commissars. But they criticised concessions to foreign capital and advocated a continued policy favoring the industrial workers in the name of class dictatorship, while Stalin and the group now in control want to conciliate the peasants and foreign capital in order to save the Soviet system from economic collapse. So the secret Government police, known by their abbreviated title as the Cheka, have laid warning hands on the shoulders of the one-time leaders whom the inexorable Communist Party machinery has cast out.

One of the anomalies of the Bolshevik Revolution was that the Soviet secret police operated against old non-Bolshevik Russian social revolutionaries whom the Czar's secret police had pursued in their day—even Catherine Breshkovsky, known to so many Americans as the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." But a greater anomaly is to see the old punishment of exile turned against men who made the red sunrise of the Bolshevik October of 1917.

Whether or not Trotsky and his colleagues are actually sent to Siberia is less important than the decree of exile against them. For that decree probably marks the end of a period in Russia's Revolution, the period of irresponsible internationalism, and the beginning of a phase of economic reconstruction.

Two Conceptions of Religion

CERTAIN Anglican bishops proposed some years ago that the Christian Church find unity by accepting as authoritative the Bible, the Nicene Creed, the sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion, and an episcopally organized ministry. Pope Pius XI has now responded to every such advance from outside his fold by declaring that the only basis of unity is submission to the authority of the Roman See. Certain Fundamentalists insist that the sole basis should be the Bible as interpreted by themselves.

In all this is implicit the idea that religion, specifically Chrstianity, is a form of doctrine. Bishop, Pope, and Fundamentalist differ widely on what that form should be; but they agree that it is a form.

Radically different is the idea that religion is not a form at all, but a kind of life. If this idea is true, then the formal unity of the Church would not be desirable, but deplorable. To make all people think alike is to destroy free discussion of the things that most matter; and freedom is essential to life.

There must be outward forms for life, but those outward forms are not the cause of life, but its expression, and they change as the life develops.

These two ideas of religion have been evident throughout history. One is clear and precise, the other is as hard to define as life itself, but as easy to recognize.

One idea views religion as a spiritual autocracy, the other as a spiritual democracy; one as a law imposed, the other as laws discovered; one as obedience to an external and unchanging code, the other as an aspiration to an ever onward moving ideal; one as an outward conformity, the other as an inward life; one as a jewel transmitted, the other as a seed planted; one as a plan, the other as an impulse. According to the one, unity must be visible and tangible because it is of authority. According to the other, unity cannot be seen or touched because it is of the spirit.

Where the one idea has prevailed, there has been subjection; where the other has prevailed, there has been liberty.

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Harmony on Jackson Day

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE Democratic Party is not, as those who remember the Madison Square Garden Convention might expect, hopelessly ineffective—at least, not for the moment.

Its National Committee was able to transact its business and adjourn within four hours, and without friction.

It presented thirteen speakers at a Jackson Day dinner, and only one of them showed bad taste.

If only one perfectly clear note was sounded—and that by the very man whose taste was not good—all notes were clear enough to be understood. If they were not in perfect harmony, they were all—again excepting that solitary one—near enough together to be not painfully discordant.

Clem Shaver has triumphed.

To this patient man it was said, not alone by Bildad and Eliphaz, that he was foolish to believe that Democrats would come to Washington and drink the milk of concord, that when they got here they would batten on the apples of discord. If the row did not break in the meeting of the National Committee, called to arrange for the 1928 Convention, it would certainly break at the dinner.

Yet Chairman Shaver brought his Committee meeting to a close in perfect order and in perfect temper, a delightful (to the Democrats) contrast to the way in which Chairman Butler, of the Republican National Committee, had handled his a few weeks before. And then thirteen hundred Democrats from all parts of the United States and its possessions sat down together at dinner, thirteen orators addressed them, largely in the early hours of the morning of Friday, the 13th of January, and, despite all these omens of evil, there was no incident more untoward than that Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, discovered a zeal in excess of his good taste, and was soundly and artistically spanked by the Honorable John W. Davis, toastmaster and titular head of the Democracy.

THE Democratic Party has not, as those who remember the bickerings and blitherings of recent years may believe, forgotten utterly its old traditions. It still can do the unexpected.

Its National Committee selected Houston, Texas, as the meeting-place of the Democratic National Convention of 1928.

Probably no human being expected such a result—not even Jesse Jones when he put up his personal check for $200,000 as Houston's bid.

The contest was between Detroit and San Francisco—Detroit, the neighbor of Windsor and Walkerville; San Francisco, the home of McAdoo. A nice opportunity that contest was for the smoldering fires to break into flame. But a committeeman here and there decided to give Houston a complimentary vote—committeemen of all shades of personal preference as to candidates—and pretty soon they had "put Houston over."

As soon as the thing was done it became, to those not directly concerned in it, a matter of deep premeditation and tremendous significance.

Before the tellers had fairly announced the result an acquaintance from a Southern State came by where I was leaning against a post. He whispered, "That's Act One in a play entitled 'The Deflation of Al Smith.'" Ten steps behind him came an acquaintance from an Eastern State. He whispered: "That's a typical piece of Smith strategy; the South will vote for him when he is nominated in a Southern city."

It had nothing whatever to do with Smith or anti-Smith.

Still, the selection of Houston is a matter of considerable significance. It may be a prophecy. At least, it indicates the temper of the Democratic Party of 1928. The way out of a difficulty presented itself, and was taken—promptly. Unless the disposition of the party leaders changes between now and June 26, the same method will be followed in the Convention. It will be no matter for surprise if a nomination is made just as unexpectedly, just as promptly—and just as well.

For the selection of Houston as the Convention city was a good selection. It takes the Convention South for the first time in sixty-eight years, St. Louis and Baltimore being but border cities. Sectionalism, we all know, is not a good thing for the country or for parties. The North had had a monopoly of conventions long enough.

Two minutes after the selection of Houston was announced the report of the Committee on Resolutions was being read. Five minutes later it was adopted. And the meeting adjourned.

I suspect that there was pressure behind this. An attack on the two-thirds rule might have come in any slack minute of the proceedings. And that would have been, if not dangerous, at least embarrassing. The Smith men are supposed to be interested now in abrogation of this rule. But many anti-Smith men were exerting themselves mightily for its abrogation not so long ago, when they thought that a majority rule would enable them to nominate McAdoo. Just what they would have done if the question had come up—but it did not come up. The Convention of 1928 will open under the two-thirds rule.

THERE is less to be said about the dinner than was said at it—though considerable is to be said.

All of the speakers—with a single exception—stressed the importance of uniting upon those things concerning which Democrats are agreed, leaving out of discussion those things concerning which they are divided.

The exception was Governor Ritchie, of Maryland. He demanded that his party have the courage to face the prohibition issue, though, he said, with him it went much deeper than prohibition—to the principle that the States should be free to promote temperance by such means as suit their needs—and he commended Governor Smith, of New York, as the ideal candidate.

Mr. Davis, the toastmaster, reminded Governor Ritchie that the largest part of the population of the United States is neither prohibitionist nor anti-prohibitionist, that it believes prohibition to be an experiment not yet sufficiently tried,

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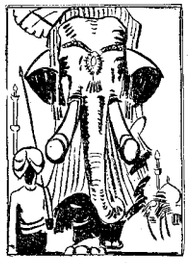
Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS



PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, by going personally to Cuba to open the sixth Pan-American Conference, centered international attention for the time upon the Americas. His new statement of the policy of the United States regarding relations between the countries of the American hemisphere thus became the most important international news of the world.

If the President himself had not gone to Havana, this emphasis could not have been given to the significance of inter-American affairs. Not even Mr. Hughes, with his great prestige, could have accomplished the result. But the attention of the people of the United States follows the President, and the first visit of a Chief Executive from Washington to a Pan-American gathering caused other nations equally to give heed.

The greatest value in this decision of the President lay in recognition of the paramount importance of as good an understanding as possible with Latin America. Heretofore we in the United States have handled our relations with the republics to the south, on the whole, rather heedlessly. A series of events recently have altered this attitude—the Stimson mission to Nicaragua, the appointment of Morrow as envoy to Mexico, the flight of Lindbergh. The President's visit to Cuba was the culminating event that pointed the meaning of all the preceding ones.

President Machado, of Cuba, declared just before the opening of the Conference that Latin America should accept the Monroe Doctrine—which the Covenant of the League of Nations recognizes—as a basic guaranty of the security of American nations, and not attempt to deal with it as a Pan-American issue. The attitude of President Coolidge may bring about a new conception of the Doctrine as a possible agency of inter-American confidence.

Last year showed a high-water mark in loans from the United States to Latin America of a third of a billion dollars. With economic and financial relations developing at this rate, and with air-mail and passenger routes and a Pan-American Railway being projected, there can be no doubt that to achieve and maintain accord with Latin America is the most vital problem facing the United States beyond its own borders.

Every big conference under the League of Nations at Geneva during the past year found American delegates in attendance. And this year the League's work will command even more American co-operation, for it is concentrated on fields of special interest—economics and finance, and arbitration, security, and disarmament.

"WHAT is to be done if a nation that promises not to make war breaks its promise?" is the question that continues to worry France in connection with the American proposal for a general treaty to outlaw war. And naturally so. France feels the actuality of that danger more acutely than we can. Belgium, if she were consulted, might show even more anxiety. She has had experience on her own soil of war in violation of treaties.

We Americans are much more inclined than Europeans are to trust to general declarations of policy and to the development of public opinion to make them effective. That, too, is natural. Our isolated position makes it easier for us to feel free to take this point of view. And we constitutionally dislike to say what we would do in future circumstances that we cannot exactly foresee. This makes us seem to Europeans hard to deal with. But we likewise consider them hard to deal with. The difficulty really arises from the difference between European and American conceptions of what it is necessary to do to prevent war.

Europe, from hard experience, prefers definite arrangements that specify just what shall constitute a breach of the peace and what every one shall do in case of such an offense. The Covenant of the League of Nations, of course, pledges the members to act together against an aggressor.

On our side, we can argue that if you cannot trust nations to keep their word when they renounce war, neither can you trust them to keep their promises about what they will do in case of "aggression," however defined. In the end, any arrangement rests on the good faith of the parties.

So Secretary Kellogg has rebuffed M. Briand's suggestion of a treaty outlawing "aggressive" war. And the whole French Cabinet is to consider Mr. Kellogg's plan for a mutual declaration, to be signed by all the Powers, against war as an instrument of national policy.

Something, it may be hoped, will come of all the exchanges of notes. To fail to arrive at any understanding, through inability to adjust two differing theories of action with the same end in view, would leave us worse off than before the whole question arose.

Germany, so say the legal experts of five countries neutral in the World War, was unjustly branded by the Treaty of Versailles with the sole guilt of causing the conflict. Their findings, in 400 pages, are an answer to questions put by Senator Owen to an eminent Norwegian law scholar. He called into association with him experts from Finland, Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland. But the problem of distributing some of the war guilt which so troubles the Germans has little bearing in the minds of most people upon their feeling about the policy of the German Government. From the practical as distinct from the historical point of view it would be better—even for Germany—to let it drop.

ENGLAND has a town named Oldsbury whose Council, faced with a housing shortage and limited funds, innocently planned to build small homes for couples with not more than one child. Certain taxpayers—with two or more children, I suspect—denounced the scheme as "an insidious form of birth control." What would they say of American apartment-houses admitting no couples with any children?

Republican Berlin is worried about how to receive several foreign sovereigns who are to visit Germany this year, for state ceremony and etiquette since the collapse of the Empire have remained unsettled. How much simpler it would be, now, if it were Paris deciding how to greet the ex-Kaiser!

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A Charming Beggar

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AT this time of the year—this article is written in Christmas week—it is a little trying to open the square envelopes which constitute ninety per cent of the morning mail that lies on the breakfast table and find that, instead of containing pleasantly anticipated holiday greetings from friends, they are generally begging letters and circulars for all sorts of individual and incorporated charities. The fact is that the business of soliciting funds for this, that, and the other so-called philanthropic institution has become an organized nuisance. Many a man and woman whose names are in the telephone book will appreciate the truth of what I say even if they do not quite dare to blurt out the truth themselves. If, as he is said to, the Lord loves a cheerful giver, I sometimes wonder what his feelings must be at the following brief conversation which is typical of not a few American breakfast tables:

Husband (putting down his coffee cup and tearing open a square envelope with his thumb—a very reprehensible practice; he should have cut the envelope open neatly with his unused butter-knife or, possibly, with the tine of a clean fork, or, better yet, with a small silver letter-opener taken from his waistcoat pocket if he had been addicted to that commendable habit.—Note to the reader: Cut this out as a reminder for next year's Christmas list of gifts suitable for relations.): "My dear, here is an appeal from the society of which your friend Mrs. Gotrox is Honorary President saying that $25 will help provide fleece-lined bed-slippers for Eskimo children. What shall I do about it?"

Wife (with her usually placid and pleasant brow wrinkled a little by the inner struggle between her feeling of resentment and her sense of justice): "Well, if sweet Adeline Gotrox thinks she can get $25 out of us for her Eskimo children, she'll have to give me $25 for my Equatorial mothers!"

Husband (lifting his eyebrows in mild surprise): "Equatorial mothers?"

Wife (with staccato decision): "Yes! you know! My Society which is trying to raise a fund to provide the mothers of Equatorial Africa with electric fans!"

Husband (in a tone of mock resignation): "All right. But if that's the way organized philanthropy is to be run, I should like to add one more organization to the list. I would call it the A. S. S. P."

Wife (slightly puzzled): "A. S. S. P.? What does that mean?

Husband (triumphantly): "The American Society for the Suppression of Philanthropy!"

This is a lugubrious and discouraging frame of mind to be in about philanthropy. Luckily for me, a philanthropic appeal fell into my hands just before Christmas which puts the whole subject in its cheerful and proper light. The appeal came to a friend of mine in his morning mail, and, with his permission, I print it here:

London,
December 1, 1927.

Dear Mr. B——:

I expect you know the story of the man who took his friend to the bar, and said, with a large and generous air, "Now then, what would you like?"—to which the friend replied that he thought he would like a pint of champagne. "Oh!" said his host. "Well, try thinking of something nearer threepence."

What the Hampstead General Hospital would like is £10,000, and it would be a simplification of its finances if you were charming enough to send them a cheque for that amount in the enclosed envelope; but if you would prefer to think of something nearer threepence I shall understand. Not near enough to give you the bother of buying postage-stamps or postal orders; something in guineas, I suggest, which will give you no more trouble than the opening of your cheque-book. But just as you like, so long as you help us.

The Hampstead General and North West London Hospital, to give it its full title, which need not all be put on the cheque; has a debt of £10,000, and needs another £5,000 a year income in order to pay its way. I could give you further figures of its income and expenditure, of the number of patients attended, of the operations performed, but these might not interest you. More interesting, perhaps, is this: that where its Out-Patients Department now stands in Bayham Street, Camden Town, there stood once the house where Charles Dickens lived as a boy when his father first came to London. His father, you remember, had that habit which was to descend to Mr. Micawber of living in the hope that something would turn up. It is thus that Hospitals have to live. They can make no provision for the gracious work they do; they just struggle on from year to year, hoping that men will always be generous, women always merciful. So, year after year, Hospital after Hospital makes its appeal to you; and, no doubt, day after day at this season you open such a letter, say to yourself with a shrug, "Another charity," and drop it in the fire. Which is why I began with a joke, as something to which one listens more readily. Having listened, will you not now be kind?

The reason why I, and not the Appeal Secretary, am writing—is writing—(every now and then the English language becomes quite impossible)—the reason then, why one of us and not the other is writing to you, is that there are people who look at the signature of a letter first; in which case, said the Appeal Secretary, my name would be more helpful; though whether his hope is that you will have heard of me, or his fear was that you would have heard of him, I do not know. Yet, as a professional writer, I could not but share this feeling that I should prove more readable of the two of us. So I am hoping that you have read this letter; but I must warn you that, as a professional writer, I am not satisfied to be read for nothing. The question of the Author's royalties is before you. Send what you can to me at the Hampstead General Hospital, and you will be glad and proud afterwards, and I shall be always

Your humble and grateful servant,
A. A. MILNE.

It appears that Mr. Milne is not only a charming playwright, a charming poet, and a charmer of children, but a charming beggar as well. If every American who has had a dollar's worth of pleasure out of "When We Were Very Young" and "Now We Are Six" would send that dollar to the father of Christopher Robin, the patients of Hampstead General Hospital could have at least a few cheerful luxuries. For hospital patients, like the king in Christopher Robin's poem of the king, queen, and dairymaid, do like a little bit of butter to their bread.

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In the Recording Angel's Office

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

RIGHT after New Year's I felt that the Recording Angel might be interested in my resolutions; also that it would be advisable to show them to him while they were fresh. There was another reason: I knew of a way to help him—even without his knowledge. I hoped to be left alone in his office long enough to look over the cards—of course, there would be a card system—in a record of personal interest to myself. I intended to abstract certain minor items, of no real importance, you know—things unworthy of perpetuity in a dignified collection of memoranda designed for permanent record. Any sort of file gets clogged up with trivial things which as time goes by get stale and insignificant; also liable to be misconstrued unless explained in the light of circumstances likely to be forgotten by everybody except one's self.

I visualized a great place of filing cases, with a heavily whiskered, grim-visaged Personage in charge. I had my "sales-talk" on the tip of my tongue, and tried to look convincing and self-confident.

On the door it said:

SPECIFIC GRAVITY
UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER

That was disconcerting to begin with, because it didn't seem to mean anything.

WITHIN I found a quite casual young fellow, with his feet on a desk, from which he removed them as I entered. He distinctly grinned at me. There were no facilities for writing, or for preserving anything that might be written. There was only an interminable wall, stretching away into the distance in both directions, covered by a myriad of dials, the hands on which quivered as if actuated by a constantly fluctuating current of some kind.

"I have business with the Recording Angel," I said, as arrogantly as I could.

"There they are. Help yourself." He indicated the dials.

I seemed to be inexorably drawn to one of them. Over it was my own name. Perhaps that was reason enough.

"Yes, that's yours," he said. I did not like the expression of amusement on his face. Especially I did not like the fact that he looked extraordinarily like myself, and made me feel as if it was I, looking at and through myself; nor was I pleased when he added:

"You're a bit low today. Looks as if you had it in mind to put something over."

At the top of my dial in red letters were the words "100 per cent capacity;" but the moving hand was fluttering around a figure near Zero, representing an infinitesimal voltage, some six places behind a decimal point.

"You've been a good bit higher than that," this chap said, pointing to a movable mark somewhere about 2 per cent. "That's as high as you ever have been."

"Nowhere near 100 per cent of capacity," I soliloquized. He heard me.

"Not you." Then he laughed and added: "Nor anybody else—it's absolutely not done. Two per cent isn't so rotten—on the way *up*. But to get there and then fall back"—

I looked away, at some of the other dials. There was a Golden One, very, very high; and a few others, few indeed, above 50 per cent. The vast majority were, like mine, among the fractions; many far better relatively than mine. None was at Zero.

"What happens when one goes below Zero?"

"These dials do not register below Zero."

"I suppose there is some sort of permanent record," I ventured, "for—for, er—future reference? You know what I mean—the Day"—

"No record such as you'd like to tamper with. Two things show inexorably. One, that movable mark, which registers forever what you might call your High Tide—your 'Farthest North.' The other, your Zero. No two Zeros are alike; each is figured, or, rather, figures itself—all this business is automatic—out of native capacity and net handicap. The game is, to get as far as possible above Zero within your time-allowance. I ought to add, by the way, that Zero is not stationary. As you go up, and show increased capacity, your Zero moves up. And it never goes back. You are held by your best achievement. You have shown that your original Zero was too low."

"What happens if one falls below his Zero?" I asked. My needle was fluttering dangerously close to the bottom.

"The case goes to the Retrograde Department. As long as the registry is *plus*, by however little, it stays here."

"You mean there is another department for, let us say—animals?"

"No. Lots of these dials here are for what you call animals. That one next to yours, just now registering 3.9 *plus*, happens to be a dog. That 27 per cent one over there I believe is an angleworm—a long distance above his start. Compared with you, for example."

"Does this register every detail of behavior?"

"Not exactly. Behavior is external, and has to do with material things; this registry is of spiritual condition, of which the material actions may or may not be evidence. Behavior which is low for one might, although apparently identical, be very high for another. This shows individual specific gravity at any moment, with reference, not to anybody else—each case stands on its own feet—but to one's own start and handicap. Your level just now in terms of absolute material performance appears superficially to be higher than that of either the dog or the angleworm; but with reference to your own capacity figure you are much lower than either."

I COULDN'T think of anything to say, and the young man continued:

"Your dial is registering a fraction higher already; you have realized that the thing you had in mind to do was not your best in the way of intention. It is still held back by the fact that you are not going to do it, chiefly because you know you couldn't get away with it. Even yet there is possibility that you would do it if you could.

"You can get the idea of this if you can imagine yourself suddenly bereft of body, in a world where only *soul-values* were of any use or counted at all. Ask yourself, first, what are such values? And then, how many and how much of such values have I?

"It would be bad enough to be dumped out into the world without a garment in which to have a pocket, or anything to put in a pocket if you had one; or any value attaching to either if you had it. But suppose you were not merely naked as to body, but had no

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Life and Death and Giants

Miniatures from the News

By IBBY HALL

A FEW days after Christmas a hurricane struck the north sea of Japan. Perhaps the casualties are not yet all reported, but there was a ship on that sea so disabled by this blow from heaven that those aboard could do nothing more toward directing her course. They were thirty-five Japanese sailors, and they managed to exist on their uncertain foothold during a week in which the ship was blown and tossed aimlessly about in a desert of water. At the end of the week land appeared, a rocky island as forbidding as it was promising; for on these rocks the ship grounded.

Death, then, was an immediate question. The battered hull was fast breaking up, and the men on board had only a few minutes with which to gamble on life.

A young Korean sailor suddenly demanded rope. He could swim, he promised, through that boiling sea to the shore of the island, with rope tied around his body. Once there, he could fasten it to the rocks, and the others could follow hand over hand. It was a foolhardy idea. The sailors knew he couldn't do it—they wouldn't let him try it. Well, if he insisted upon throwing his life away, they supposed it was his own affair. Certainly they were all due to die before another sun, anyway.

They helped him fasten the rope about his body. They helped him make the descent over the slippery sides, through the darkness, into the black and churning water. They watched the rope slipping after him, uncoiling, lengthening, gradually pulling out. On the behavior of that rope hung thirty-four lives. They watched it. After an eternity of silence and darkness, they saw the rope tighten. He had made it! Hand over hand, one after another, the sailors left the ship and took their perilous way towards the shore. Two only lost heart, and slipped from terror into the hungry sea. The other thirty-two, hand over hand, moved recklessly toward whatever they might find at the end of that slender bridge.

Their feet touched land, they had reached steadiness and safety. Behind them, the ship was splintering. The far end of that rope, even, was sinking into the sea. In front of them it still held. Swung round a rock, tightly and securely, it had been tied in the last superhuman effort of a man's strength. For lying beside the rock, dead of cold and exhaustion, lay the body of the young Korean sailor.

> Life, and death, and giants
> Such as these, are still. . . .
> Minor apparatus, hopper of the mill,
> Beetle at the candle,
> Or a fife's small fame,
> Maintain by accident
> That they proclaim.
>
> —EMILY DICKINSON.

ON New Year's morning, off the coast of Halfax, near that unmarked road which swallowed up the brave wings of Mrs. Grayson's airship, a trawler was dragging its tackle over the floor of the sea. It was dawn, but not yet light enough to do without the searchlights of the ship. Suddenly, in that strange and unearthly atmosphere, the tackle caught and strained. The excited crew rushed to the sides of the ship. Here, in all probability, was that other Dawn, lost sight of on its way to Newfoundland, and now about to rise in wreckage from the sea.

But as they watched the three-inch cables straining with their burden the closed waves parted, to yield up another ghost—one of those skeletons with grinning teeth that haunt the dreams of sailors.

With all masts standing, and water pouring from her seams like the gushing of old wounds, the ghost of a once brave fishing ship rose full to the surface of that wintry morning sea. As she stood there in the unearthly glimmering light, the sailors knew an instant's recognition, and greeted her by name in that one moment before the grinding cables broke in two, and the waves locked themselves once more above their secret.

What skeletons of men inhabited the rotting hull or walked the streaming decks cannot be known; but, beyond a doubt, this was that ship, the most beautiful of the Gloucester fishing fleet, which at some unknown point last summer had gone under in a hurricane, with all souls on board.

A HUNDRED years and more before Columbus set out on his voyage from Spain there was a small and peaceful parish on the east coast of England. It was willing enough to let others go in search of unknown lands. For itself, the parish wanted the known and familiar, and it was this known and familiar that was being threatened by that untracked monster, the sea.

The parish church stood near the coast—so near that its steeple, like the finger of God raised warningly to heaven, forbade in calmness the approach of those pounding waves. The parishioners, confident in God that was their church, confident in God that ruled the sea, still watched fearfully the steady advance of the tide-line. Year after year, and the threat was apparent; soft and mocking in the beginning, then stealthier and more menacing, finally, with the thunder of doom, the sea engulfed that unmoving gesture, and covered it with its floods.

The parish church was gone. The parishioners crept back fearfully, building their houses farther in, repeating through generations that it was not safe to go too near; until finally the tradition of that church became an old wives' tale, something that no longer was, and probably never had been.

Not only the sea, but time, in waves of centuries, covered the topmost pinnacle of the ancient parish church, until the other day a small news item was cabled from England to the continent of America. Nothing has been regular this winter on those shores. The tide has been higher, the tide has been lower; unexpected floods have taken place. Not many days ago, on the east shore of England, after a storm of unusual violence, the tide receded three miles from an old town. And at that resurging the townspeople stood transfixed; for there, from the floor of the sea itself, arose a church, covered with shells and barnacles, streaming with seaweed. Calm and aloof, there stood in front of their very eyes that finger of God, still pointing.

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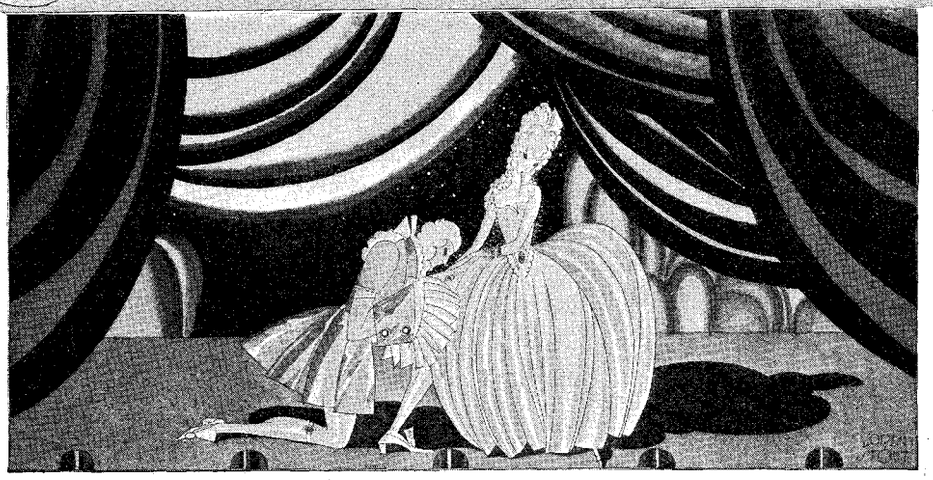

A Review of the Stage

OF our younger American playwrights Philip Barry has so far shown the most promise. In fact, "promise" was the word used when his "You and I" was first produced, a few years ago. Several others followed—among them, "In a Garden" and, last season, "White Wings." None of these plays quite carried out the promise. But still every one waited for Mr. Barry to write the polite comedy of American life and manners which so evidently was in him.

To judge from the critics, and also from the audiences which are flocking nightly to see his new play, "Paris Bound," now comes the fulfillment of the promise. And yet—

Well, we have seen it.

"Paris Bound" is Mr. Barry's exposition of his views on marriage. It sets forth the story of two young people who set out upon life together, with youthful buoyancy and hope. They are a trifle modern, in that each believes in leading his own life and not being dominated by the other. They are somewhat subdued by the spectacle of the bridegroom's divorced parents, who do not seem to have got anywhere in life after the failure of their marriage. Otherwise, they are like all couples.

For six years all goes well. Then, on the eve of the husband's departure on a European trip, the wife finds out that he has been unfaithful, with one of her original bridesmaids, who had professed her love for him even on the day of their marriage, and had asserted her conviction that there was something between them which could never be ignored.

Enter, of course, the marriage problem.

The husband is away six weeks. During his absence the wife struggles with the problem of divorce; and, although vigorously exhorted by her father-in-law not to make the same mistake which his wife did, she finally decides to divorce her husband. Nevertheless, she is shaken by her father-in-law's arguments; and, later, has her own emotions revealed to her, by a sudden passionate avowal of love for her made by the musician with whom she has been collaborating during her husband's absence. Still she is not convinced that any physical affair of her husband's with another woman is part merely of his life, and not of their life together.

When her husband returns, therefore, she tries to tell him the anguish and suffering which she has undergone. He, however—thinking that she is trying to tell him of some infidelity of hers—says firmly that he never wants to hear anything from her but "good news;" with the result that they suddenly agree, tacitly, to ignore all unpleasant things. And in the early dawn of a hot summer morning they drive out in the country to their two sleeping children reunited. Their marriage is thus saved.

This is the story and its moral.

To most people, the conclusion thus reached will seem a conventional one, and therefore, perhaps, satisfying. Else presumably the play could not be popular. But can it be considered an illuminating, or a sincere presentation of the marriage problem? Despite the critics, we hardly think so.

Certainly we have seldom listened to an outburst of gayety and chatter that sounded falser than the happy and excited dialogue of the last scene, wherein the young husband and wife agree to ignore what has happened, and set out for their only genuine reality—their children. Of course, if such a relationship is Mr. Barry's idea of a happy ending, we must accept it as his view of the best that humanity can do. But the after-taste is very bitter. For a moment's reflection convinces the departing theatre-goer that whatever of spiritual truth there was between husband and wife has departed. They have agreed tacitly not to face reality or try to achieve a marriage whose goal is spiritual truth. They have given up that. On the physical side, also, they have lost what they had to begin with—and apparently will never try to get that back, either. What, then, is left? Nothing, apparently, except the children.

It is a brave playwright, of course, who dares to advance any solution for marriage. But when a playwright does embark upon a discussion of the theme, his audiences have a right to expect some sort of clear thinking upon the subject. Mr. Barry has nothing to offer.

His characters do not add one cubit to their spiritual stature during the entire course of the play, and, in fact, seem decidedly to shrink. Faced with the crisis of their lives, they have no stomach for ascertaining what they have between them on which to rebuild their marriage. Because their youthful ideal has crashed to the ground, they appear to think that there is nothing for it except to agree to ignore the disaster. They are not willing even to discuss a new basis for their married life. They prefer to dodge the issue.

In the light of the discussion of marriage which is going on all over the world today, Mr. Barry's play is absurd.

It is a considerable tribute to his skill as a playwright that we still think him capable of writing that long-promised comedy—upon some other theme.

F. R. B.

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The Street of Finance

A Weekly Review of the High Lights of Wall Street

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

LARGELY because of its apparent indifference to business developments since last spring, the stock market is perhaps of greater interest to business men than it has been for several years. For the last nine months the activity of industry has been declining, yet stock prices have been mounting, with only temporary interruptions, to virtually record levels.

Not a few manufacturers, convinced that Wall Street is blind, have laid bets to that effect by selling stocks short.

"Business is poor," they have told their brokers. "Wall Street may not know it, but we do. We are more than willing to gamble that the market is too high."

Industrial activity and easy money are the two fundamental influences that tend to force stock prices higher. Since industry has been none too active during the last eight or nine months, it is not surprising to find that money has been plentiful and has, in the opinion of Wall Street, been the chief cause for the upward trend of 1927. Buyers and sellers on the Stock Exchange certainly have been watching money rates with unusual care for the last few months.

The source of much of this abundant supply of funds seems to have been the Federal Reserve System, which purchased some $150,000,000 worth of Government securities between the first of September and the end of December. This means that just that much of Federal Reserve credit has flowed into the money market, where, under our banking laws, it can be expanded ten times or more.

Commerce and industry have not been using this credit, judging by the figures for commercial loans of the Federal Reserve member banks, which actually decreased during the last four months of 1927. That the stock market has not been so abstemious is indicated by the Stock Exchange figures for brokerage loans, which rose from $3,641,695,290 to $4,432,907,321 during the same period.

What the financial community at large asks now is: Is that abundant supply of credit to be available much longer, and, if not, will stock prices be able to stay as high as they are now? Hundreds of other questions about the market are being asked daily, but these two are probably of keenest interest to thoughtful and well-informed observers.

For many years The Outlook has conducted in connection with this department—which is intended primarily to present an intelligent discussion of what is going on in the financial world—an advice-to-subscribers service.

A new policy, however, is now being followed. The Outlook believes that intelligent people nowadays properly seek advice concerning their investments from their local banker or the representatives of the reputable investment houses in their city or town. It does not believe that it is the function of a magazine to give definite financial advice. It considers that the question of how to invest your money has become a specialized field which no longer lies within the proper province of this magazine.

If there are any of our readers who are not easily able to consult a banker or investment house representative, The Outlook will be glad to direct them to the proper sources of information, and, if desired, turn their inquiries over to such specialists as we consider dependable and trustworthy.

The volume of funds that is to be available will be determined to a great extent by the policy of the Federal Reserve authorities. In this way the question resembles the closely related problem of gold exports. What this policy will be, the authorities themselves may not know yet. They must consider many factors whose relative importance changes almost from day to day. Some controlling factors in the recent past, though, and some that presumably will control during the rest of the year stand out clearly. In all probability, two motives were paramount when they amplified the supply of money this autumn. They wished to help the movement of crops both to domestic and to foreign markets, and they wished to stimulate industry.

Crops must be moved again next autumn, and the Reserve authorities probably will wish to expand credit then. To be able to do so, they presumably will have to withdraw in the meantime a large portion of what they extended during the last third of 1927. If industry revives and no longer needs the stimulus of abundant funds, what would appear now to be the chief objection to the contraction of the supply would disappear. Aside from the speculative situation itself, the grounds for believing that the Federal Reserve System will withdraw money during the next few months are substantial. But the speculative situation alone might furnish a reason. One of the avowed purposes of the System is to curb gambling in securities, and it is fairly certain that, if other more important considerations did not forbid, its authorities might deliberately withdraw funds because they were being used to create a dangerous situation in the stock market.

The System can decrease the supply of money in two ways: by reducing its holdings of Government securities and by raising its rediscount rates. At the end of 1925, when conservatives were complaining, as they are now, that the prices of many stocks are much too high, the System began to raise its rediscount rates. Commerce and industry were in such good shape that they could stand a tighter money market. For a time the seasonal ease of money counteracted the influence of the higher rediscount rates, but their effect was cumulative and the resultant shortage of funds was largely responsible for precipitating the perpendicular decline in stock prices in March.

Rediscount rates have been unchanged since the summer. The System has, however, been selling some of its Government securities recently. This may be merely a temporary measure to offset the seasonal expansion of funds and keep the money market steady, but it may mean the initiation of a deflationary policy. Many authorities believe that industry is already well on the road to recovery, and, for this reason, the Reserve authorities may have decided that this is a good time to cut down the money supply.

The Federal Reserve System, though, is not the only outlet for the funds now being used by the stock market. If industry recovers strongly, it may drain away enough to make it unnecessary for

(*Continued on page 160*)

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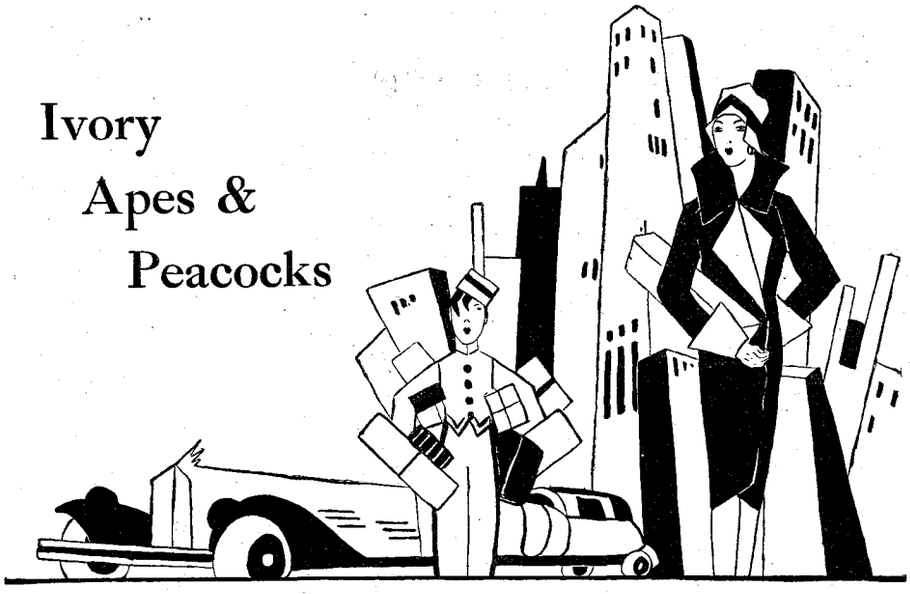
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

The genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

THE other day we visited the collection of the work of modern decorative artists which Wanamaker's, under the name of "Venturus," has brought together. House furnishings, admirably adapted to the modern house, to the age of skyscrapers and airplanes—contrasting as sharply with the furnishings of the past as the view from the window of a Park Avenue apartment contrasts with that from the casement of an eighteenth-century manor. There is a cleanness of line, a vigorous hardness about much of this stuff that is very pleasing, if only as a reaction from plush and over-ornamentation. Most of it is the work of French artists well known abroad and not unfamiliar to our own Metropolitan Museum, but a few Americans are included.

We didn't have much lunch on the day of our visit, and perhaps that is why we were particularly interested by everything connected with the table. There was table glass by Lalique which we liked—clear glass goblets in three sizes with deep rounded bowls and very thick stems, a tracery of black on the stem only. A cloth of oyster-white linen with gold-embroidered eyelets from Rodier. A decorated lamp for the dining table by Puiforcat—a ponderous affair with a cubical mirrored base. Knives with handles of black wood in a heavy, flat, simple design. The black-and-white table service is very clean-looking, and the lack of color and decoration gives emphasis to the simplicity of line.

There was furniture of various kinds from Jallot, Dominique, and Primavera. Among the lampshades was one—a frosted design on glazed mica—so lovely that it was no surprise to find it marked with the artist's signature—Helbert. Another interesting arrangement was a clear, transparent outer shade with a second shade just an inch away inside it, on which latter was painted, in one case, goldfish, bubbles, and seaweed; in another, a splashing fountain and trees. Color and form silhouetted in this way were novel.

Among the work of American artists shown here we noticed some of the ironwork of Hunt Diederich—fire-screen, torchères, a chandelier, a trivet, and so on. The decorations for radiator caps were amusing—one of them a crystal star with radiating rays behind it.

The original intention, we believe, was to make the exhibition only a museum, but a number of pieces have been sold on the insistence of customers, and other pieces substituted. Unquestionably there are many things here to interest any one who is furnishing either a house or an apartment which is not strictly period.

WE saw two kinds of snow skates at Abercrombie's. One is of wood with ribbed rubber on top to keep the shoe from slipping. The single runner is covered with metal, the wooden tip curling up like those of the skates Hans Brinker had on in the illustrations we pored over as a child. The other kind is entirely of metal save for the leather straps. It has double runners and at the tip are several inches slightly uptilted. They look like skis—only much shorter.

We don't like rowing in a rowing machine any better than we like riding a mechanical horse, or eating dried apples, or smoking a denicotinized cigar. Nevertheless you can keep in splendid training in winter if you use one. And there is on the market now one which is not, like the huge, noisy machines used by crews in training, too cumbersome for the average home. It is a simplified machine, all red and black and gleaming nickel, adjustable to any length of leg, and fully competent to give you all the exercise that summer boating would give. It is not too heavy to be moved about, and is almost small enough to be slipped under a bed. Stood on end in a closet, it would require very little space.

TO return to table ware. There is now on the market some varicolored cutlery which is very attractive, and appropriate for informal use with peasant ware, Italian pottery, and so on, on coarse natural-colored linens. The handles are of celluloid, tinted mother-of-pearl, ivory, or composition in coral, red, green, or deep blue. The blades of stainless steel with glazed or mirror finish, or gold-colored. There are dessert forks and spoons for formal use which have crystal handles and silver blades, and others with handles of crystal, yellow, or Spanish green, with blades of white metal plated in dull gold. There are also cheese-knives, pie-servers, and other odd pieces similarly made.

AS we go on we get hungrier and hungrier, and we want to tell you about the mustard which contains mint —*moutarde de menthe*—which comes in little jars from France to go on your roast lamb. And about those little Chinese oranges called kumquats, which come put up in syrup and are very helpful in small quantities in a sweet salad. And about the domestic honey—sweet clover and orange flavor—which comes put up in attractive pottery jars of yellow, green, blue, or black. And, lastly, about a dessert of fruits in jellied brandy which contains pears, pineapple, figs, peaches, marrons, and cherries, and comes in a glass mold ready to serve. And now we shall go and eat a large lunch.

W. R. B.

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Musical Impressions

By EUGENE BONNER

ONE of the most brilliant audiences of the season managed to assemble itself last Tuesday evening to do honor to the opening bill of the American Opera Company at the Gallo Theatre. Great ladies with their husbands and friends pushed up and down the promenade back of the orchestra seats, while important members of the musical world pushed cheerfully back again. Observing the whole, and for once in his life safe from the importunities of pass-seekers, was the one and only William J. Guard, of the Metropolitan Opera House, taking a busman's holiday.

Vladimir Rosing, the director of the company, chose to open his first real season here with that old war-horse, Gounod's "Faust," but in this case "Faust" with a difference—a "Faust" with the new methods of stage direction, lighting, and wondrously beautiful costumes and scenery by no less an artist than Robert Edmond Jones.

It has long been the wish of many of the more intelligent musicians and music-lovers to see some of these conventional old operas restudied and put on in a modern manner, discarding many of the ridiculous old conventions which through over-much usage have long since lost every vestige of meaning as well as the power to make the effects originally intended. Now Mr. Rosing has taken what is perhaps the most widely known and popular opera of the last fifty years and subjected it to exactly such treatment.

The first innovation, which seems somewhat futile, is to have the Faust of the opening scene, the old Faust, done by a singer other than the Faust of the major portion of the opera. The point of this is difficult to see, as it gives us a Faust of an entirely different quality of voice from the original character, which is disturbing just at first. Another departure from tradition is having the rôle of Siebel sung by a man instead of by a woman. The success of this experiment is also a little dubious, as the rôle, Heaven knows, is silly enough when done by a woman, but it becomes positively asinine done by a man. The light character of the music of the principal air as well as the girlish little doings of this simpleton make the rôle when sung by a man unpleasantly effeminate, for which the interpreter of the part cannot be held responsible.

Hereafter, each week, Eugene Bonner —musician, composer, and critic—is going to give us news and criticisms on affairs in the musical world. New operas, new experiments, happenings of note—all will be reported in these pages. It will give us an intelligent view of a subject which has been too much neglected in a country so passionately devoted to music in all its forms—from jazz to grand opera.

Other innovations are the cutting out of the vision of Marguerite in the first scene (Faust gazing instead into a crystal on his table, in which he's supposed to see her image), and the apparition of a large cross, dimly seen on the walls of the prison, instead of the usual final tableau showing Marguerite surrounded by angels blowing horns and things. The first change fails completely of the effect intended, as the audience can neither see nor understand very clearly just what it is that Faust sees in the crystal, and, besides, the music at that point is written to accompany the vision as well as the actual singing. The appearing of the dimly glowing cross high up on the wall in the closing scene is a beautiful effect, far better than the idiotic *tableau vivant* with which we are usually regaled at this point.

For that matter, one could enumerate indefinitely the many changes instituted during the course of the evening, some of them good, others not so successful. Standing out above the rest was the really amazing and thrilling handling, from the standpoint of scenery and lighting, of Valentine's return, the duel, and his death. The dark walls of the houses, the gradual gathering of the shadows symbolizing no doubt the growing darkness in the mind of Marguerite, the sinister silhouette of Mephistopheles —all united to create an atmosphere which we have never seen surpassed in the scene in question.

Now the American Opera Company in thus taking an old-fashioned, rather hackneyed work and producing it in an entirely modern manner raises an extremely interesting question. Does it help materially toward the enjoyment of the piece or does it accomplish just the reverse?

Personally, we are inclined to think the latter to be the case. "Faust" was written in a decidedly sentimental period; its music, though of a high order, cannot be called great when compared with the operas of Mozart, Gluck, or Wagner. The modern style of acting, the doing away with many of the rather futile conventions, together with the new *mise-en-scène,* all seem to cruelly accentuate the meretriciousness of its style and the general creakiness of the dramatic machinery. "Faust," to our mind, and this is in no way a reflection on the present performance, has now reached the stage when it is only justified by really great singing, as it used to have not so very long ago with such artists as Emma Eames, the de Reszkes, and Plançon.

Let us have beautiful new costumes and scenery, by all means; but, instead of doing away with its traditional and outmoded business, why not accentuate and make, in a way, a virtue of those very weaknesses, and by so doing keep the opera as a shining example of its particular period and type of work? However, an experiment, and a much-needed one, has been made, and whether or not it is for the best remains for the public to decide. In any case, all honor to the American Opera Company and to its director.

Coming to the performance itself, the outstanding work of the evening was that of George Fleming Houston, who as Mephistopheles gave a splendid interpretation of that much-abused rôle; his characterization was replete with grace, humor, and understanding, while his diction was something to marvel at. Here's a really fine artist, and if Mr. Rosing is wise, he will let him have a go at Don Juan as soon as possible; he has all the requirements of the rôle. Nathalie Hall made a beautiful and appealing Marguerite, Clifford Newdall was sympathetic and well within the picture as Faust, while Mark Daniels as Valentine displayed vocal talents of a high order. Edison Rice did about the best that could be done with the treacle spooned out to Siebel in lieu of music. Frank St.

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From a painting by Miguel del Pino — Courtesy of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau

Andrès Segovia

Leger conducted with discretion, though at times with a certain lack of flexibility, but, taken as a whole, the performance is an accomplishment of which the American Opera Company and Vladimir Rosing can be justly proud.

IN these all too hectic times, when a goodly portion of the human race is striving desperately to rank first in some (or any) given specialty from transatlantic flights to the gentle art of pie-eating, it was to be expected that eventually there would arise some individual who would put forward a claim to supremacy in the mastery of one of the more domesticated sound-purveyors, as, for example, the zither, the jew's-harp, or that delectable instrument called, if we remember correctly, the musical potato.

Now, as a matter of fact, no virtuoso of any of the above-named members of the musical family has yet issued a challenge, but the announcement a few weeks ago that on a certain Sunday afternoon in January a master of that thoroughly house-broken instrument, the guitar, would present an entire program of classic and modern works within the somewhat austere precincts of the Town Hall gave a mild shock to many of the more seriously minded patrons of music whose acquaintance with the instrument in question has mostly been confined to the plunks of the domestic or the miaows of the more exotic Hawaian variety.

Nevertheless, encouraged by the criticisms of eminent musical authorities in London and elsewhere, we managed to squeeze through a milling crowd and, with a certain amount of pleasant difficulty, to gain our seat just as a rather heavily built young Spaniard came out onto the stage and, sitting close down to the audience, began to tune up a somewhat unusual-looking guitar.

Followed a really amazing and exquisite performance. To say that Andrès Segovia is a master of the guitar is to give no idea to those who have never heard him of what in this case that means. Beginning his program with practically unknown compositions by Sor, Malats, and Terrega, he came to a group of compositions by no less a personage than J. S. Bach—not transcriptions for the guitar, but works written originally for the lute, to which the guitar of today is close enough akin for the guitarist to use the music practically as Bach wrote it for the earlier instrument.

It is, of course, an accepted fact that the clavier works of Bach are not really suited to the heavy pianoforte of the present day, so it was doubly nice to hear the music played as it was originally intended to be done, and to hear it played with such delicacy, beauty, and complete understanding.

Mr. Segovia got sustained effects from his instrument that were astonishing; his playing of the Fugue was a miracle of clearness, while that of the Sarabande had a charm and a dignity combined with a sonority of tone that held one entranced. Here is a great musician as well as a great virtuoso, and to compare his work on the guitar to that of Kreisler on the violin is no exaggeration whatever. The "Danza" of Granados and the "Legenda" of Albeniz brought to an end a program which for novelty, beauty, and the complete enjoyment it gave to those present would be difficult if not impossible to equal.

THE New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Fritz Busch, presented an agreeable Strauss-Strauss program a few evenings ago, the first part of which was devoted to works of Johann, the second to selections from two of the operas of Richard. The Johann Strauss numbers, consisting of the overture to "Indigo," "Perpetuum Mobile," the ballet music from "Ritter Pasman," and the "Wine, Women, and Song" waltz were most pleasing to hear, though the conducting of these numbers by Mr. Busch was curiously lacking in rhythm. He was much more successful with the *entr'actes* from the Richard Strauss opera "Intermezzo," that amusing "Bourgeois Comedy with Symphonic Interludes" written to his own libretto, which he founded on an actual incident in his own life a good many years ago, which, through a misunderstanding, had nearly resulted in his being divorced by his wife. Of the four interludes, the one entitled "Scene in Storch's House," in which Frau Storch (Frau Strauss) learns of her husband's supposed unfaithfulness, is by far the most effective of the four, recalling at times some of the more impassioned scenes from "Rosenkavalier." The other three were amusing, brilliantly written trifles and, together with the "Dance of the Seven Veils" from "Salome," were directed with charm if not altogether with brilliance by Mr. Busch.

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank Peers

I KNOW a little nurse, only twenty-one, but grave beyond her years. She had no childhood. Poisoned with adulterated milk as a baby, she literally lived in a hospital until she was ten years old, stunted in growth, developing first one ailment and then another. She never played with a well child; her brothers and sisters were strangers to her; occasionally she saw her mother, a widow forced to earn her living. The child's chief pleasure was helping to roll bandages, make hospital beds, and sit beside sick patients.

She emerged, with no gayety but much understanding and an indomitable will. At fourteen, in the face of ill health and opposition from family and doctors, she went to work, earning enough money to pay for her own nurse's training. She specializes now in babies and children. To her a strong, rollicking child gives a delight most girls feel only for a new hat or a bid to a dance. She loves to make youngsters laugh and to teach them the lessons of good health which she learned in a sadder school.

This is one of her stories, simple but unique, loved by dozens of children, and a boon to many a parent.

The Boy Who Slept in a Pill-Box

THERE was once a small boy who wouldn't eat. His mother cooked the nicest of dinners and bought the best milk, but he only fiddled with his food, and ate less and less until at last he was taking only one slice of bread and one glass of milk a day. Then it was half a slice and half a glass, and then only a

In almost every family there is one favorite story which is an unwritten classic. It is usually the invention of one of the parents, and is sometimes passed on with variations to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available.

quarter slice and a quarter glass, until, instead of growing larger, he began to get smaller and smaller.

Finally, he grew too small for his bed, and his mother had to put him back into the baby crib where he had slept when he was only six months old. He wore his old baby dresses, and, instead of eating with grown-up forks, he used a baby spoon and drank from a bottle.

Of course, all his friends laughed at the sight and nobody came to play with him any more.

But still he ate less and less, and still he grew smaller and smaller, until even the crib was too big. So now his mother dressed him in doll clothes and fed him from a doll's tea-set and put him in an empty candy-box to sleep.

But still he wouldn't eat. Soon he was taking only one crumb of bread from the end of a toothpick and one drop of milk from a medicine dropper. Then he grew too small even for the candy-box, so his mother began keeping him in a little pill-box.

And now the boy stopped eating altogether, until he grew so small he rattled about like a pill himself. His mother was so afraid of losing him that she set him on the table under a glass, where she could watch everything he did.

But one day, as she was dusting, she forgot all about her tiny son, and, picking up the glass, she absent-mindedly brushed him into the waste-basket.

There he lay in the dust and papers. His voice was too weak to make anybody hear, and presently he felt himself emptied out into the back yard with the trash.

Now a back yard feels very large and scary to a boy no bigger than a pill, and, besides, he knew that every morning his

mother made a bonfire of the whole pile.

So he tried to climb out from under the ugly mountain of papers and garbage, but he was so tiny and weak that his strength soon gave out. It was cold, too, and a bitter wind was blowing, and the boy had nothing on but a scrap cut from an old handkerchief, for his mother had been too busy to make clothes to fit each new size.

Meantime, after hunting and calling everywhere through the house, his mother sadly gave up the search and went out into the yard to burn the garbage. The boy saw her strike a match and hold it to the pile. "Mo-other!" he called, but she could not hear his tiny voice. A newspaper caught and began to burn. He tried to call again, but the roar of the flames drowned his voice.

His mother was just about to turn away when she caught sight of her little son, trying to crawl out from under a banana skin.

So she picked him up and carried him into the house, where she set him back on the table, all safe under the glass again.

But the boy had had enough of being tiny. When his mother brought a crumb of bread and a drop of milk, this time he ate every bit and opened his mouth for more.

And the next day he ate two crumbs of bread and two drops of milk, and the next day three, and the next four, and so on every day, until he began to grow bigger and stronger, and his mother had to move him back to the pill-box.

Still he went on eating. One day there came a loud "Cr-rack!" It was the pill-box bursting. The boy's feet had pushed through the end.

So now his mother put him in the

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candy-box to sleep and fed him from the doll spoon and tea-set. But he ate so much that before long, "Cr-rack!" went the candy box too. So now his mother laid him in the baby crib to sleep.

But still he went on eating, until first thing they knew, he had outgrown even his crib and there he was, back to his natural size! Now he wore his own clothes and slept in his own bed, and all his friends came back to play.

Pretty soon he could beat everybody running races and climbing trees. But the cracked pill-box and the broken candy-box he kept always on the shelf—just for souvenirs!

Wilbur—Benevolent Blunderer

(*Continued from page 126*)

superintendent of the subway "stated that every sailor carried as a passenger had been a gentleman." The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, he adds, reported that "75,000 visits had been paid to it." Mr. Wilbur glories in his job and bends his head in grief when demands are made that he resign. He will not resign, for at heart he is sure that he has done rather well, and he knows that Mr. Coolidge does not propose again to go through the agony of finding a Cabinet member.

And, one feels, the Secretary of the Navy is a man whose emotional boiling-point is high. The men of the S–51 are dead, save three who were rescued. So are most of those who rode into the West on the Shenandoah. Now their ghostly crews have been joined by the forty sailors of the S–4. One cannot avoid the conclusion that Mr. Wilbur, deeply regretting these accidents, believes that they were unavoidable. It is too bad that they occurred, and letters expressing the sorrow of the Navy Department have been sent to the bereaved families. The High Command has said, however, that everything possible was done. One remembers, in contemplating Mr. Wilbur and his staff, that poem which Mr. Kipling wrote when other men, also grown old, were in command:

> The lamp of our youth will be utterly out; but we shall subsist on the smell of it,
> And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our gums and think well of it.
> Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that is the perfectest Hell of it!

Divorce and Birth Control

(*Continued from page 131*)

freedom that the female animal has was lost—and with freedom, virtue. Under varying social conditions and racial tendencies, as well as customs and religions, we see this tendency more or less modified, but again and again throughout history we find periods of unusual excess. The "Puritanical" attitude of the early Christian churches was due to the limitless grossness of the people before them and around them. The theatrical entertainments offered by Nero were a little worse than those of our present producers are—yet.

Even our own brief period of Puritanism was a direct reaction from the licentious behavior of the times before it, the conduct around it. The despisers of Puritanism have got the cart before the horse. If there is any relation at all between them and the self-control they condemn, it will be in bringing about another period of excessive restriction.

But a far deeper error than this peevish blaming of the Puritans appears in the common assumption that our condition in the field of sex behavior is normal and will always continue. Recognition that things are not quite as they should be is expressed in Judge Lindsey's honest attempt at improvement through Companionate Marriage. He says that it "would have a specially profound effect on American life and American morals. It would put an end to one paramount evil in American civilization. It would rescue this nation from a spell that now holds it bound. I mean obsession with sex." This clear perception is weakened by continuing, "Our present conventional concealments and restrictions have produced such an obsession."

That last is quite erroneous. This present obsession with sex is visible in other countries which have never had those deadly Puritans to react against.

The real fact to be ascertained before any of this flood of sex talk can be sanely judged, is what is normal sex endowment in the human race. Here we have assertions, many and violent, but no attempt to discover and correlate facts. That there is a difference in this endowment is recognized; those who have the most are very proud of it, those who have the least are ashamed of it and pretend to more. It is loudly claimed by our sexolators that no work of genius can be produced without accompanying excitement in this line, and they point with pride to the known excesses of this and that great man.

It does not occur to them to reckon against these the excesses of small men, men who seem quite inadequate in other lines. There is the instance of that German tailor who, at the expense of two especially fertile wives, exhibited some thirty-four or thirty-five children. He was commended and rewarded by the Kaiser, and sold his photograph on post-cards, but nothing was advanced to show that he was any better tailor than his competitors.

If reference is made to the whole field of pre-human life, wherein this function is healthfully and happily exercised for its original purpose of reproduction, it is hotly answered that we are different from other animals, that we live on a higher plane, that with us sex produces this and that form of expression quite apart from its poor original purpose.

That we are different is true, and undoubtedly superior; but it is also true that we have so misused various physical functions as seriously to impair them. We have weakened our sight, our hearing, and other senses, we have eaten and drunk ourselves into many diseases, and in the line of sex we have no reason to be proud of our superiority. It is true that we have, on the one hand, developed high ideals and high fulfillment of mutual happiness in love, and to the credit of our humanity the popular ideal even among polygamous peoples is "true love." In the "Arabian Nights" we find the happy ending, "And they lived together in the utmost felicity and prosperity and joy and happiness until they were visited by the terminator of delights and the separator of companions."

On the other hand, no other animal approximates the hideous abnormalities we have developed, the too frequent unhappiness, the injustice and cruelty, the coarse indifference of overuse, to say nothing of the special diseases we have invented through misuse of this function. It is time we applied the modern scientific methods we are so proud of, used the case system, and piled evidence with vivid graphs if we can to show whether there is any definite relation between the sex endowment of an individual and his broader usefulness. We should then be in better position to judge what changes we need in marriage.

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Thomas Hardy

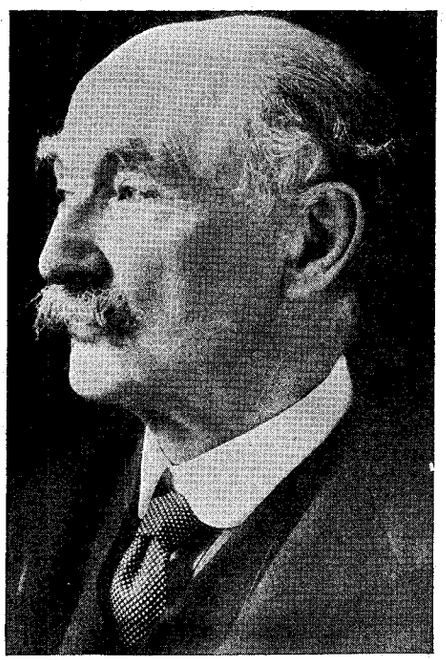
By CARL VAN DOREN

I DO not know of any other writer who was ever so truly a Shakespeare to a province as Thomas Hardy was to Wessex. Other writers have come up to him, or even gone beyond him, in the detail and perhaps in the range with which they have laid hold upon some special corner of the earth. But no provincial Shakespeare was ever more Shakespearean than Hardy in the way in which he brought the dead pageant of his native region to life and shaped and colored it with his thoughtful passion and his bitter art.

Most Americans, too remote from contemporary Wessex to measure the differences between it and Hardy's Wessex, have seen in the novels the picture of a living world. This, however, the novels have seldom given. They look back over Wessex somewhat as Shakespeare's chronicle plays look back over the whole of England. But whereas in Shakespeare the kings and heroes of the realm move about great business, with banners and pride and eloquence, in Hardy the persons of the drama are almost all of them intrinsically obscure, peasants or petty townsmen, whose small concerns would have been forever overlooked if there had been no pitying dramatist to bring them immortality. And yet, little as the novels may be like the plays in scale, they are much like them in effect. Dim memories rise and walk. The past, which was so cool, burns again with life. What has been only a map becomes a peopled stage. What have been words in a dingy book, inscriptions on a rotten gravestone, faint outlines in an oral legend—all these are once more clothed in speech and gesture. An enchantment has lifted them from their dust.

If Hardy was like Shakespeare in the way in which he brought a dead universe to life, so was he like him in the way in which he shaped and colored it. There is not a line in the novels that is not touched by the poetical mood which later chose to utter itself in verse. For this novelist was first and last a poet, who felt that he was marking time in the years during which he subdued his mood to prose. All that he could keep out of his prose was the form of verse, which had no place there. He could not keep the spirit of poetry out. It stirs in his novels like breath. It flows through them like blood. He begot his novels and his poems both upon Wessex; and they are equally his children, and they unmistakably perpetuate his features and his name.

Nor does Hardy merely color his



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THOMAS HARDY
1840–1928

Wessex with his mood. He shapes it with his mind. At first sight it may look, and to many observers it has looked, as if Hardy were less provincial than Shakespeare in the shaping of his world. Those kings and heroes and shining ladies: are they not the accidents of time and place, the creatures of a single community? Are they not less universal than peasants, as a tended, formal garden is less universal than grass on a plain or trees on a hillside? The sentiment of the present age is likely to answer that they are. But the difference in rank between Shakespeare's men and Hardy's men is not the essential difference. It is, rather, that Shakespeare's men are bound to their fates with a longer chain than Hardy's bear. They are life-bound, but not earth-bound. They have, or seem to have, a realm to struggle in. Hardy's men must fumble for happiness in a province, find it or—more often—miss it there, and lie there at last as if there were not even another province anywhere to be buried in.

It might, of course, be said that Wessex chose Hardy, as England had chosen Shakespeare, to be its poet, and that he was therefore obliged to draw his horizon close around him. To say that would be only to resort to fancy. For Hardy, though he happened to be a native of Wessex and was never happy elsewhere, still was, as much as any poet may be said to be, the chooser. Whether quite deliberately or not, he did choose a province instead of a realm, for the reason that he had studied the life of mankind and had judged it to be earth-bound. The incidents of his poems and the plots of his novels and the despairing panorama of "The Dynasts" are, while a harvest of observation, also the proofs of a doctrine. When Hardy stretched his hands out over Wessex and woke the sleepers, he announced a less hopeful resurrection than Shakespeare's. It was chiefly the victims of life that Hardy called up, and he shaped their natures and their careers to show that "happiness is but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain." Doubtless that is true, but it is at the same time true that various men bear chains of varying lengths, and that some of them, chained as they are, are permitted to run courses that have almost the splendor of freedom. Only in the low visibility of a province do all the chains seem short. Hardy, with his spell-evoking Wessex, by his selection and by his arrangement shaped it in his own image, as all commanding poets do with their worlds. And the actual Wessex, whatever it may have been, will now be doubly forgotten, because the imagined Wessex has superseded it.

The province and the realm, contending which has the better claim to the dead poet, have assigned his heart to Wessex and the rest of his body to Westminster Abbey. This creates in death a division which did not exist in life. Thomas Hardy's brain was no less native than his heart to the soil by which he loved to be bound.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. A study in the operation of fate, whereby widely divergent lives are brought to the same end. This is not merely a clever device for relating fundamentally unrelated stories, as in "The Cabala" or in Lubbock's "Roman Pictures." Readers of this startlingly brilliant book will miss its worth if they fail to see the emotional depths which the shimmering surface covers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"The Light Beyond," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co. "Felix Dukane was beyond the shadow of a doubt the greatest financier the world had ever known." Mr. Oppenheim himself admits it in his latest story of international intrigue, loans, and loves. You can open his book at any page and find at least one thrill. The rehabilitation of Germany is the basis of the story. To be reviewed later.

"A President is Born," by Fannie Hurst. Harper & Brothers. We said last week that this was the most important piece of work which Fannie Hurst had done, and we still think it is. The story of the rise of the poor, unspoiled schoolboy from the farm to the White House is told so that the reader falls completely under the spell—he believes that Hurst facts are real facts. Reviewed January 18.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband, set in post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed December 21.

Non-Fiction

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This highly gifted reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading to lots of Americans. Reviewed June 22.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simply expressed, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books. Reviewed August 17.

The Soul's Companion

By HARRY SALPETER

"The Human Body," by Logan Clendening, M.D. Illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf.

Outwardly, in bulk and format, and even following a rapid thumbing of its chart and photograph encumbered pages, this volume emits the forbidding odor of a text-book. But once embarked on this exposition of the physiology of *Homo sapiens* and of the diseases that flesh is heir to, we discover what a style like Dr. Clendening's can do to a subject so specialized as the human physique, medically and surgically envisaged.

Briefly, it can transform it, it can translate it—this may sound strange—into human interest; for, although the proper study of mankind is man, mankind generally has tended to adopt the policy of letting good, or bad, enough alone, delegating authority in emergencies to one kind of medicine man or another.

With all his charm of style, however, Dr. Clendening cannot make the human body a less complicated instrument than it is, nor does he propose—he being a practitioner himself—to carry out so ambitious a project as making physicians dispensable to his readers. But he does succeed in clarifying to the lay mind—the reviewer's mind, for example, is very lay—some of the processes of the human body and in conveying various common-sense conclusions.

He gives his exposition and conclusions special point and pungency by drawing upon anecdote, an extremely wide knowledge of literature, ranging from Montaigne to Somerset Maugham and Sinclair Lewis. He is witty and informed, healthily devoid of hokum and professional cant; modern, yet anti-faddist and probably inclined to a fatalistic view of human life. Yet even in his fatalism there is a tonic breath.

He asserts, for example, that the life span of an individual is determined, barring accidents, at the moment of conception, doubts that exercise and fresh air promote longevity, and he has, in various parts of his book, some sardonic words about life extension institutes, declaring at the conclusion of his chapter on "Heredity and Environment:"

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He denies, for example, that smoking and drinking, by themselves, tend to shorten life, declares "smoker's heart" to be a myth, and resents "the use of the sciences of physiology and pathology as handmaidens to do the dirty work of prohibition agitators." Except for one form of temporary loss of hair, *alopecia areata,* baldness is incurable, being hereditary. "He [the victim] may be sitting in chairs with snake oil and violet lamps playing all over his head when the only way to cure his baldness would have been to castrate his grandfather."

In his chapter on the digestive system Dr. Clendening presents himself as the friend of instinct and the enemy of food cranks. He writes:

> The body is a very canny old party and can turn nearly anything put inside of it, except what is actually poisonous, to good account. . . . Most food faddists are half-educated cranks. No one is "chronically poisoned" by certain kinds of foods and no one has his digestion ruined simply by eating certain kinds of food. In general, what you will want to eat will be good for you. . . . Instinct is a wise physician.

I have barely scratched the surface of Dr. Clendening's medical wisdom in these few excerpts. At the same time, I do not wish to give the impression that "The Human Body" is a joy ride. Dr. Clendening does not jest away the difficulties of his subject. Much of this book demands some application to chart and text. It is, however, the most useful and the most happy introduction to its subject for the lay mind. Dr. Clendening describes historic operations, gives us the dramatic record of the great medical discoveries of civilization, while in his chapter on "The Relation of Mind to Body" he deals ably and succinctly with the province of the mind in its relation to physical disorders. "The Human Body" is a noble piece of work.

Tarkington's Tried and True

In "Claire Ambler" three stories having one central character are grouped formally into one. In spite of a chapter painstakingly inserted in the third story, there is no actual connection between the three, and even the associating character, except in name, has no unmistakable signs of being the same throughout. But if the form is a little loose, the material is compact and pleasantly familiar to readers of Tarkington. Here are flappers, flirts, and their train. Nobody knows them, male and female, better than Booth Tarkington. Nobody makes them more real on paper.

Claire Ambler at eighteen fills the first story, snatching, breaking, throwing aside countless palpitating collegiate hearts; nearly causing, by her coquetry, an actual tragedy, and seeing even that only by the light of her own bright eyes. In the second story Claire carries on as before. She is now the American girl abroad, omnipresent, pretty, self-conscious, cock-sure, bestowing money and smiles alike on the just and on the unjust, the bounder and the noble lord. Again her heartlessness, with a bit of stupidity thrown in, causes a near tragedy. Her grown-up admirers behave rather like her young ones. Her flirtations involve a dying poet, and her not very convincing tenderness for him extricates him from her own clutches. Tarkington himself is a little uncertain about Claire in this story. He is not sure whether her flirting is deliberate or accidental, her tenderness real or feigned. Neither is the reader sure, and the story suffers.

In the last story Tarkington makes out a good case for his flirt. He permits her at twenty-five a vision of her seventeen-year-old self repeated in a youthful rival, and of the admirers of her teens in her rival's father. Shocked by this into a genuinely unselfish gesture, Claire proceeds to the altar, where the story leaves her, as good stories should, veil, bridegroom, wedding march, and all, with the assurance that the self-centered, self-satisfied flirt is about to become the fine, dependable, comforting, maternal American wife. As she pretty certainly would and does.

Tarkington writes with his accustomed ease and grace. His observation, in its limited field, is always perfect and minute, and his reporting always brilliant, tender, humorous. The dialogue in the first "Claire Ambler" story is delicious. You hear it about you, daily, if you come into any contact with persons of either sex of from thirteen to twenty years of age. But heard intimately, constantly, maddeningly, it is not so amusing as it is when read, in an agreeably detached frame of mind. Nothing in "Claire Ambler" is as good as spots of "Penrod," "Seventeen," or "Gentle Julia." (And there is no dog in it. There ought always to be a dog in a Tarkington book—remember Mammy

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and the French poodle.) But the first description of Claire is not to be missed, and her attitude toward life, if it could be called one, is described with complete understanding:

"The only interesting persons in the world were of about her own age: in fact, they were the only people who seemed to her actually alive; and yet even they were not wholly alive in the full sense that she herself was. That is to say, the universe consisted of herself and of impressions made upon her. All other people, varying dimnesses and brightnesses, belonged among the impressions. . . . All parts of the earth, except the spot where she was, had still but a vague illumination. She did not really believe that the sun was radiant over China while she slept."

"Claire Ambler" is fragile matter, almost too fragile to bear the weight of binding. But even so, it is the best possible light reading.

After Harlequin

"Aubrey Beardsley," by Haldane Macfall. Simon & Schuster.

Exit decorum; enter highcockalorum; that is what might have been said when Beardsley's first drawing was published. It is incidental that in him a fine artist was born, fluttered his brief and wayward flight across the blare and glitter of the London 'nineties, and disappeared. Daily, the exquisite and vastly sophisticated masterpieces in line and black-and-white that this astonishing British genius left to mark his few working years are less and less noticed, less and less appreciated by the general public. But Aubrey Beardsley, fop, illiterate, and dilettante, became the arbiter of taste for the *beau monde* of a later generation—ours—and the high priest of the smart.

Haldane Macfall writes a sympathetic and entertaining book. He gives an interesting account of Beardsley's short and crowded career, reproduces a limited number of drawings, and pleases with his reminiscent and incidental references to Whistler, Wilde, John Lane, and others. But neither he nor any other biographer of Beardsley's has sufficiently examined his influence upon current taste in what might be called popular art. He was the first, and by far the greatest, dainty vulgarian.

When the Beardsley drawings appeared in the "Savoy" and the "Yellow Book," thirty-odd years ago, they created a great sensation and became the storm center around which waged a pretty howdy-do of shock and titter, gasp and thrill. They marked a definite break away from the previous style. To realize how astoundingly different they were from anything that had been seen before in the English-speaking countries, and what a volte-face in taste their appearance and public acceptance meant, one must turn back to old files of "Punch," of "Harpers," or the "Century" for the drawings of the period; of Du Maurier, for instance, who was typical.

Nowadays we quite take for granted the airy-fairy drawings on the covers of "Vogue" and "Vanity Fair," the decorations in the show windows of department stores, the advertisements in the subway, all catering to the taste and to the spending propensities of women and men aspiring to be fashionable. But the artists who are responsible for them, be they Plank, Helen Dryden, Barbier, Erté, Bakst, or their followers, are adapters, disciples of Beardsley. The delicate but decisive line, the bold color patchings, the languid and ultra-smart attitudes of the people portrayed, express not only the outward aspects of our taste but the whole rhythmic content of our spiritual outlook. They reveal what we all like to be like, and so, with subtlety and precision, what we are through what we would like to be. They present our taste with as much authority as the demure drawing of "Godey's Lady's Book" presented the taste of another generation. And it is to Aubrey Beardsley, whom Haldane Macfall so aptly calls "clown, harlequin, and pierrot of his age," that we are indebted.

Harmony on Jackson Day

(*Continued from page 142*)

and that those who hold that belief are equally entitled with prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists to be Democrats and to bear the banner of Democracy.

A letter was read from Governor Smith, of New York, in which he laid down what might be regarded as his own platform. It is, in essence, this: Home rule for the States, and the solution of all present problems by the application of the principles of Jefferson to them.

He said that the declaration of party principles might well be drafted, at least tentatively, far in advance of the National Convention, and suggested that the National Committee formulate and announce a definite party policy.

Cordell Hull, a Representative in Congress and former Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, made the same suggestion in the early spring of 1927, almost a year ago. But certain friends of Governor Smith and certain friends also of Mr. McAdoo, who was still a potential candidate, did not then

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think favorably of it, and even the good offices of Claude G. Bowers, the party's historian, did not induce them to accede to it.

Old parties adopt new ideas but slowly, no matter who may be their proponents.

ONLY Governor Smith was mentioned as a possible recipient of the nomination for the Presidency, and he only by Governor Ritchie. Yet there were, even at the speakers' table, many who have been looked at with appraising eyes. Governor Ritchie himself; Senator Reed, who, like Ritchie, has been regarded as of the "liberal" or wet wing, but who, unlike Ritchie, declared that prohibition must not be made an issue in the forthcoming campaign; Evans Woollen, lawyer and financier, essentially a scholar of reclusive tastes, advocate of scientific tariff reform; John W. Davis—certainly he never made a more favorable impression upon his fellow-Democrats than he made that night.

The Democratic Party is not, whatever may have been said to the contrary, short on timber for the making of a candidate. And practically every speaker declared that it is not short on issues, though nobody in plain words named one—except Ritchie, and his was rejected.

In the Recording Angel's Office

(*Continued from page 145*)

body. Suppose you were in a place where you were simply *mean*, without anything to be mean with; where the souls about you could see, without any possibility of your hiding it behind spectacular philanthropies or any kind of excuses, just how mean you were.

"Suppose your soul floating in such a medium that your spiritual specific gravity automatically located the level at which you would float. Naturally, the mean soul would find his level among the mean; the generous, among the generous. I judge that is what the writer of the Apocalypse had in mind when he wrote, 'He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.'"

All this made me pretty uncomfortable; but the odd fact is that as this feeling increased I imagined that the hand on my dial seemed to edge up a couple of millionths. And the young man's smile seemed somehow less irritating.

"Here's something else," he said. He led me to another dial, which I had not noticed before. A large dial labeled,

COSMOS TOTAL

As I looked at it I sensed the fact that every quiver of the hands on the small dials was reflected in the fluttering of the hand on the large dial. Even the couple of millionths registered on mine had lifted the big one an infinitesimal fraction of a hair's-breadth!

"If you knew how the faintest little flicker of a lift in yours gives a boost, not only to this big one, but to all the others—to little things, souls and lives everywhere. If you *knew it*, with the certainty with which you know that fire burns, wouldn't it make a difference in the way you'd look after your own specific gravity?"

I DID not answer. In fact, the whole scene was fading like a dream. The last thing I saw was the face of the young man, who looked like myself, smiling at me; then his face became the face of the dial with my own name over it, and it seemed to me that the needle on it was lifting possibly a billionth.

The Street of Finance

(*Continued from page 148*)

the System to deprive the speculators of the material for their operations. Quite possibly, money might flow away from the stock market through both channels.

With the supply of funds materially reduced, could the general level of prices be maintained? Even conditional stock market predictions are precarious, but most bankers and other financial authorities are inclined to answer no. It might seem strange to see the stock market declining, merely because money was scarce, when industry was regaining its stride, but it would be no stranger than the spectacle of the last eight or nine months, when the market has maintained a fairly consistent upward trend, merely because money was plentiful, while the trend of industrial activity was downward.

Theoretically, toppling prices are dangerous only to speculators and, in a lesser degree, to security holders, but there is always the possibility that business men will interpret a market decline as a warning signal and adopt an excessively conservative attitude. The very nature of the stock market, though, necessitates a rigorous shake-out every so often, and both the security markets and the business and industrial community should be benefited if some of the poisons always accumulated during a long rise were eliminated. No real damage was done by the break in March, 1926. The Stock Exchange list needs an occasional cathartic.

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